

From the Bijou.

THE BED.

BY MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ., R. A.

PEACE to his bones, the first who spread  
The swelling, soft, luxurious bed,  
For man's indulgence given!  
Still, as I stretch each weary limb,  
I cast a grateful thought on him,  
And wish him rest in heaven.

Refuge of sickness, toil and wo!  
Sweet home of half our lives below!  
Where still our welcome's warm:  
Soft, downy dock, where sense repairs  
The damage done by daily cares,  
To brave again the storm!

Whether with costly curtains closed,  
Of feathers or of flocks composed,  
In camp, field, tent or truckle,  
The lucky bard that's sheltered snug,  
In his own nest, beneath his rug,  
May bless his stars and chuckle.

Nay, monarchs in their nightcaps, own  
The bed's much easier than the throne  
They're doomed to sit and sigh on:  
And well may all the world agree,  
That poorest of the poor is he  
Who has no bed to lie on.

When sick of follies that confound us,  
And deafened by the din around us,  
We seek a pause from care,  
What comfort, then, in bed reclined,  
To ease the languid frame, and find  
A short oblivion there!

To lose awhile the sense of pain,  
To calm the fever of the brain,  
That in life's waking hour  
Is troubled by those darker dreams,  
In which disturb'd ambition seems  
To grasp at wealth and power.

And when rough winter, in his reign,  
Comes rattling loud at every pane,  
And whistling through each door,  
How sweet, half-dozing as you lie,  
To hear the uproar of the sky,  
In slumber's cot secure.

Yet then will anxious thoughts molest,  
And pity throb in every breast,  
With generous feelings warm;  
To think what hapless wretches roam,  
Without a shelter or a home,  
And bide the pelting storm.

Then, too, if haply on the wave,  
Some much-loved friend, disaster'd, brave  
The perils of the hour,

How sinks the heart at every blast!  
While shuddering fancy views aghast  
The angry ocean's power.

Yet he's a ninny who supposes  
That every bed's a bed of roses,  
For idle's the conjecture:  
The bachelor's from bliss debarr'd;  
And he finds Hymen's rather hard,  
Who hears a curtain-lecture.

To rest, in vain Suspicion tries;  
The lover cannot close his eyes,  
Whom some proud beauty scorns:  
Guilt finds remorse upon his couch;  
The slave will e'en in slumber crouch;  
And tyrants sleep on thorns.

The poet, too, who goes to bed,  
With half a stanza in his head,  
Finds rhyming not *composing*;  
The muse still labors as he lies,  
And if he sleeps, reviewers rise  
To damn him as he's dozing.

Yet still the unhappy in their beds  
Find aching hearts and aching heads,  
In some degree relieved there.  
E'en culprits, cast for death by law,  
Will slumber on their beds of straw,  
And dream they are reprieved there.

Yet though we much distinction make  
'Tween life asleep and life awake,  
The difference is ideal;  
No matter which it is we act in,  
The world of fancy or of fact in,  
Our feelings still are real.

And as to which has most delight,  
The being of the day or night,  
Were I required to say,  
I'd choose our visionary life,  
Compared to that dull world of strife  
In which we dream by day.

For though the phantoms of the night  
Disturb us, they're soon put to flight,  
When morning's beam awakes us:  
But care, the *nightmare* of our days,  
Can far more horrid visions raise,  
That last till death o'ertakes us.

Best luxury of the rich and poor!—  
His bed the wise will first secure,  
Where'er his lot may lie.  
The last thing we resign on earth,  
Should be the bed where we had birth,  
And where we hope to die.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN AMERICA is one in the state of Virginia, and built of timber imported from England during the reign of Charles I.—*Notes and Queries.*

From the Home Journal.

### DR. JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE friendship of those entitled to our love and admiration, is a great blessing. The recollection of it is mental opulence, enjoyed with endearing, though sometimes melancholy, pleasure.

When I last saw you, you again referred to Doctor JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. My knowledge of, and association with him, form a most interesting episode of my past life. You well know how deep are the impressions received in early life, when the mind and thoughts are fresh and free—the heart warm and confiding—its sympathies open to every impulse—and the world is all novelty, brightness and beauty.

It was at that period we became acquainted—both then being about fourteen years old. I first met him at "Hunt's Point," in Westchester county, the scene of many of his happiest days, and where now repose his remains.\*

Not only the event of our first meeting, but its incidents, are distinctly before me now—his appearance, look, tone and manner. He was the handsomest boy I ever beheld. As subsequent intercourse disclosed to me his powers and virtues, a sense of wonder and respect succeeded, and I esteemed him as the *beau-ideal* of all that was excellent in life.

For a time we saw much of each other, and together roamed through the fields, and passed many delightful hours in dell and valley, and on the waters of that romantic region.

From what I have gathered of Dr. Drake's brief career, it appears to have been very eventful. His poems, which delineate his character and his history, abound in passages of rich and inspiring eloquence—ardent patriotism— fervent friendship—and intense affection. There shine forth the virtues which gave such value to his brilliant genius.

He was born in this city, in August, 1795. His father, Colonel Jonathan Drake, was a brave and distinguished officer of the Revolution. His mother, whose maiden name was Lawrence, was a lady of strong and cultivated mind—of accomplished education, and of great force and energy of character. He had three sisters, of whom only one now survives. When these children were young, they were deprived of their parents by death. These deep afflictions gave to his mind a sense of sadness, which he never entirely overcame. In his "Past and Present" are expressed his feelings at this severe bereavement.

For many years, under much depression of spirits and ill health, he, with indefatigable perseverance, pursued the studies upon which he had determined. He was, by nature and education, a true gentleman; and his mind was enriched with extensive learning. When of age, he obtained a degree as a physician, with distin-

guished honor. About this time, he became acquainted with the eldest daughter of Henry Eckford. This lady gave him a true and affectionate heart, and they were married in this city, in October, 1816. Soon after that period he became intimate with Fitz-Greene Halleck. The sweet sonnet which he addressed to his wife, exhibits the exuberance of his feelings at the time.

His life and story have in them a deep and romantic interest. He seemed unsuited to a world like this; he was too pure, too gentle, to bear the painful conflicts and vicissitudes inevitable here.

He died in this city, in the year 1820, at the age of twenty-five! It is said that when Socrates was preparing for death, he told his friends it was a consolation that he should pass away while his mind was unimpaired and his heart unchanged; and that it was better then to go, than to await the approach of old age, and perchance of imbecility. Some, from the destiny of this noble spirit, may derive the same sad satisfaction. I myself cannot. Does not the sentiment imply a doubt derogatory to his memory? Can it be that age would impair a mind so trained, so excellent; or chill or vitiate a heart so warm and pure? Would not the evening of the long life of such a man, though divested of its early ardor, be attended with the same characteristics of mind, the same virtues of heart, the same blendings of nature, softened and refined in their hues and colorings?

The extraordinary mental power and genius of Doctor Drake were manifested at a very early period: when not over seven years of age, he had acquired much literary information; and at the age of fourteen, he had written many verses of merit. He was a sincere lover and close observer of nature, as many of his productions prove—his lovely composition, on the "Bronx," for example: wherefore, from inclination, and by study, he became an accomplished naturalist; and his skillful use of the knowledge he thus acquired, gave to much of his poetry its analogies and many of its beauties. He possessed great tenacity of recollection and power of quick discrimination. His thoughts flowed gracefully, and his power of language was prompt. Indeed, his peculiarity was that of instantaneous creation; for thought, imagination, truth and imagery, seemed to combine and produce their results in a moment. His best thoughts and most dazzling beauties were *impromptus*; he rarely elaborated. It is said that his great production, "The Culpit," was written in a few days, and originated from a discussion, in which a doubt was expressed whether the sturgeon could be made subservient to the purposes of poetry. It seems incredible that so rich and rare a creation, wherein throng such dazzling beauties and wonderful conceptions—in which the creatures and stores of nature, in such vast variety, are so justly and admirably interwoven and gracefully applied to the purposes of poetry—could be composed in so short a period. The piece on "Ennui," (one of the Croakers,) it is said, was the *jeu d'esprit* of an instant! His "American Flag," "Niagara," and the lines "To the defenders of New Orleans," besides others of his poems—especially his powerful "Address to Halleck"—are eloquent demonstrations of his patriotic muse.

F. R. T.

\*In the middle of a meadow, is a gracefully formed hillock, comprising about an acre of land, covered with trees, and ornamented with flowers and shrubbery. It is a tranquil and lovely spot; there repose in peace the remains of Dr. Drake, his ancestors, and many of his dearest relatives and friends. On his monument are inscribed the lines of that exquisite tribute to his memory, written by Fitz-Greene Halleck.

From the Quarterly Review.

*The Life and writings of Addison.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London. 1852.

STEELE and Addison are among the first ghosts met by Fielding in his delightful "Journey from this world to the next." A remark from the spirit of Virgil having a little disconcerted the bashful Joseph, he has turned for reassurance to the spirit most familiar and best known to him on earth, when at once Steele heartily embraces him, and tells him he had been the greatest man up in the other world, and that he readily resigned all the merit of his own works to him. In return Addison gives him a gracious smile, and clapping him on the back with much solemnity, cries out, "Well said, Dick." Fielding was here laughing at the claim set up by Addison's associates, when they would have struck down his old fellow laborer's fame, to add to the glories of his own. What Steele said so well for his friend, and ill for himself, in the other world, had already been more than broadly hinted in this, in Mr. Tickell's celebrated preface.

Nevertheless, Steele's fame survived that back-handed blow. What the living Addison himself foretold came true; and, out of party contentions so fierce that no character escaped them unsullied, side by side, when those contentions ceased, his friend's and his emerged.\* Though circumstances favored somewhat the one against the other, there had come to be a corner for both in almost all men's liking; and those "little diurnal essays, which are extant still," kept also extant in an equal and famous companionship, the two foremost Essayists of England. A more powerful hand than Mr. Tickell's now strikes them rudely apart. A magnificent eulogy of Addison is here built upon a most contemptuous depreciation of Steele; and if we are content to accept without appeal the judgment of Mr. Macaulay's Essay, there is one pleasant face the less in our Walhalla of British Worthies.

For ourselves we must frankly say Not Content, and our reasons shall be stated in this article. Not, we dare say, without partiality; certainly not without frank and full allowance for the portion of evil which is inseparable from all that is good, and for the something of littleness mixed up with all that is great. In one of his most charming essays Steele has himself reminded us that the word *imperfection* should never carry to the considerate man's heart a thought unkindier than the word *humanity*;† and we shall also think it well to remember, that with not less wisdom on another occasion he remarked, as to the prodigious difference between the figure the same person

bears in our imagination when we are pleased with him, from that wherein we behold him when we are angry.\* Steele we think eminently a man to write or speak of in the mood of pleasure.

But first let Mr. Macaulay speak of him. Introducing him as a person only entitled to distinction as one of the chief members of the small literary coterie to which Addison was the oracle, and deriving from that fact his claim to present recognition, he describes him in general terms as one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. He admits his temper to have been sweet, his affections warm, and his spirits lively; but he says that his passions were so strong, and his principles so weak, that his life was spent in sinning and repenting, in inculcating what was right and doing what was wrong. Hence, we are told, though he was a man of piety and honor in speculation, he was in practice much of the rake and a little of the swindler; but then again he was so goodnatured, that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him; and even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him when he dined himself into a sponging-house, or drank himself into a fever. Among the rigid moralists here referred to we must presume was Joseph Addison, whose strict abstinence from drink is so well known; but the Essayist is careful to add that the kindness with which that rigid moralist regarded his friend was "not unmingled with scorn."

So much the worse for Addison, if that be true; for very certainly he succeeded in concealing it from his friend, and we imagine, indeed from every one but Mr. Macaulay. True, no doubt, it is, that so consummate a master of humor could hardly have it always under control; and that the most intimate of his associates would not be spared the pleasant laugh which was raised in turn against all. But Pope, from whom we derive the fact that he would now and then "play a little" on the extraordinary regard which Steele evinced for him, also informs us how well it was always taken; and that anything of contempt ever passed from one to the other, is most assuredly not to be inferred from any published record. The first characteristic thing that Pope noted in Addison, that he was always for moderation in parties, and used to blame his dear friend Steele for being too much of a party man, marks the source of whatever disagreement they had; and he who, on that very ground of party, lavished upon Steele the most unsparring and unscrupulous abuse, and whose old intimacy with both friends had opened to him the secrets of their most familiar hours, never thought of using against him such a for-

\* Spectator, No. 101.

† Tatler, No. 246.

\* The Theatre, No. 26.

midable weapon as he would have found in Addison's contempt.

Before their final rupture Swift had to answer Steele's reproach that he had spoken of him as "bridled by Addison," and he does this with a denial that frankly admits Steele's right to be jealous of the imputation.—Throughout his intimate speech to Stella, whether his humor be sarcastic or polite, the friendship of Steele and Addison is forever suggesting some annoyance to himself, some mortification, some regret; but never once the doubt that it was not intimate and sincere, or that into it entered anything inconsistent with a perfect equality. When he wishes to serve the one, and is annoyed that the other receives the overture coldly (22nd October, 1710); when he suspects the one of preventing the other's visit to Harley (15th November, 1710); when he treats a service to the one as not less a service to the other (14th January, 1710–11); when he reproaches the one as ungrateful for what he had done for the other (15th January, 1710–11); when he calls himself a fool for spending his credit in favor of both (16th March, 1710–11); and when he has promised my Lord Treasurer never again to speak for either (29th June, 1711); he shows you, still, that he is speaking of an intercourse upheld by the strongest attachments, and into which, whatever the respective merits of the men, there could have entered no element of "scorn."

It is quite true, however, that some coldness and estrangement did grow between Steele and Addison as time went on, though to the last it was never so complete as Mr. Macaulay would wish to convey. To this, and its causes, we shall have to advert hereafter; but in connection with it we have so express and affecting a statement from Steele himself, only six months after his friend's death, and in reply to a coarse assailant whom it silenced, that as to the general fact it leaves no doubt whatever. There never, he says,\* was a more strict friendship than between myself and Addison, nor had they any difference but what proceeded from their different way of pursuing the same thing; the one waited and stemmed the torrent, while the other too often plunged into it; but though they thus had lived for some years last past, shunning each other, they still preserved the most passionate concern for their mutual welfare; and when they met, "they were as unreserved as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs, upon which they saw where they differed, without pressing, (what they knew impossible) to convert each other." As to the substance or worth of what thus divided them, Steele only adds the significant hope that, if his family is the worse, his coun-

try may be the better for the mortification he has undergone.

There is something in that. When a man is indiscreet, it is not beside the matter to inquire what passion it is that urges him to indiscretion. It may be the actual good of others, or it may be a fancied good for himself. Mr. Allworthy did so many kindnesses for so many people that he made enemies of the whole parish; and it will perhaps generally be found that the man who cares least for his neighbors is very far from the least likely to pass for good-natured among them. It will not do to judge off-hand, even between the impetuosity which plunges into the torrent, and the placidity which waits upon the brink. Each temperament has its advantages, within a narrow or a more extended range; and where the passion for public affairs has been so incorrigible that it refused to take regard for its own or others' convenience in its manifestations, we must not too hastily resolve to take part either against the hostility it provokes, or with the sympathy it repels. So much before passing in review Steele's actual story, it will be well to keep in mind; though there can be no manner of doubt that his course, whether in other respects ill or well taken, put him at grave disadvantage with the world.

Even in regard to this, however, there is no need to take any special tone of pity; and too much stress has perhaps been laid on Addison's own regrets in the matter. It was when the good Mr. Hughes thought he saw an opportunity, on the sudden cessation of Mr. Steele's *Guardian*, to get Mr. Addison's services for a little scheme of his own, and, with many flourishes about the regret with which all the more moderate Whigs saw their common friend's thoughts turned entirely on politics and disengaged from pursuits more entertaining and profitable, had propounded his plan for a *Register*, that Mr. Addison, civilly surrendering the glory of working with Mr. Hughes, proceeded merely upon his correspondent's hint to speak of Steele in language often quoted, and used against him by Mr. Macaulay. "I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself; but he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him in this particular will have no weight with him." Formerly, as now, these expressions have been pointed to a sense not exactly intended by them. Taken with what induced them, and read as they were written, they are certainly unmingled with *scorn*.

There is pity in them, to be sure; and there is what Mr. Macaulay calls the "trying with little success to keep him out of scrapes;" and there is the "poor Dick," which has been

\* The Theatre, No. xii., Feb. 9, 1719–20.



so lavishly repeated since, with a feeling and for a purpose far less worthy. For no man so much as Steele has suffered from *compassion*. It was out of his bitter experience he called it shrewdly the best disguise of malice, and said that the most apposite course to cry a man down was to lament him. Mr. Macaulay is incapable of malice, even if the motive for it were in this case conceivable; but he cannot bring himself to state a virtue in Steele which he does not always extenuate with its equal vice or drawback. We much fear there are few characters that would stand this kind of analysis,—very few in which the levelling circumstance might not be detected, that more or less brings down the high, the wise, the strong, and the fortunate to the lower level with their fellow-men. An ill mending of the matter it would be, indeed, to extenuate vice itself as a set-off to the extenuation of virtue; but both have need of a more considerate reflection than they are generally apt to receive, in connection with such a life as we shall shortly retrace. For not a few years of that life, we dare say, Captain Steele might have pleaded, with Captain Plume, that for all his exuberance of spirits he was yet very far from the rake the world imagined. "I have got an air of freedom," says Farquhar's pleasant hero, "which people mistake in me, just as in others they mistake formality for religion." It is a kind of mistake committed in many forms; and Pope was hinting at it when he remarked that whereas, according to La Rochefoucauld, a great many virtues are disguised vices, he would engage, by the same mode of reasoning, to prove a great many vices to be disguised virtues. Steele had said the same thing several years before in his *Christian Hero*, when he remarked that there can really be no greater love of self than to love others, nor any more secure way to obtain good offices than to do them.

Not that any such modes of reasoning may sufficiently excuse a life spent, if what Mr. Macaulay tells us be true, in sinning and repenting, in inculcating what was right and doing what was wrong. A profitless life to himself, beyond a doubt, if such indeed was Steele's; but suggestive also of the remark, that, since the wrong that was done has passed away, and the right that was inculcated remains, others may decidedly have profited though he did not. For ourselves, holding with the philosophy which teaches us that depravity of disposition is less pardonable than any kind of frailty of passion, we know of no offence against virtue so grave as to speak of it in disparagement; and no worse practice in regard to vice than the systematic praise and recommendation of it. With the latter, at least, no one has ever been so reckless, in our day or even in his own, as to charge Richard

Steele. He had a real love and reverence for virtue, Pope told Spence. He had the best nature in the world, and was a man of almost boundless benevolence, said Young. Lady Mary Montagu lived much with all the wits, and knew no one with the kind nature of Steele. It is his admitted weakness to have yielded to the temptation which yet he never lost the strength to condemn; but we know who has said that, if at all times to do were as easy as to teach what is good to be done, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. Let us add that even Addison himself could not always do both; and that, if the strict rule were applied universally, never to accept unreservedly what is good in a man, and praise it accordingly, without minute measuring-off of what may also be condemned for evil, with detraction at least equal to the praise, there would be altogether an end at last to all just judgments, and a woful general confusion of right and wrong. That Addison had not Steele's defects—that Steele's defects, graver though they may have been, were not those of Addison—should surely be far from matter of complaining with us, since in no small degree it has served to contribute to the more complete instruction and entertainment of the world. There is a wise little paper in which Steele has pursued so closely an argument resembling this, that we may adapt it to our own use. We may stigmatize it as not less a want of sense than of good nature to say that Addison has less exuberant spirits than Steele, but Steele not such steady self-control as Addison; for that such men have not each other's capacities is no more a diminution to either, than if you should say Addison is not Steele, or Steele not Addison. The heathen world, as Mr. Bickerstaff reasons the matter, had so little notion that perfection was to be expected from men, that among them any one quality or endowment in a heroic degree made a god. Hercules had strength, but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength. Those wise heathens were glad to immortalize any one serviceable gift, and to overlook all imperfections in the person who had it. But with us it is far otherwise. We are only too eager to reject many manifest virtues, if we find them accompanied with a single apparent weakness.

Nor does the shrewd Mr. Bickerstaff end the argument here. He discovers in it the secret why principally it is that the worst of mankind, the libellers, receive so much encouragement. "The low race of men take a great pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of defects, and keep themselves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thousand vir-

tues, if they believe they have in common with a great person any one fault." It would not be easy to express more perfectly than in these few words the danger of those extremes of depreciation to which Steele more than any man has been subjected. It is our firm belief that, whatever his improvidence may have been, he was incapable of a dishonorable action. It will not be difficult to show, in the sketch we shall presently give of his career, how little avoidable in his circumstances were not a few of his embarrassments and troubles. We wish it were possible to doubt that the life to which only he was warranted in applying the modest expression that it was "at best but pardonable," was not better than ninety-nine hundredths of theirs who would be apt to pass the harshest judgments upon it. It was at least the life of a disinterested politician and patriot, of a tender husband, of an attached father, of a scholar, a wit, a man of genius, a gentleman. But the wit and genius brought with them their usual penalties; and the world, not content that their exercise should have enlarged the circle of its enjoyments, and added enormously to human happiness in various ways, must satisfy its vulgar eagerness to find feet of clay for its image of gold, and give censorious fools the comfort of speaking as ill as may be of their benefactor.

And so the inquisition, far worse than Torquemada's, is opened. Circumstances of life the most minute, nor any longer intelligible without the context that has perished, are dragged into monstrous prominence. Relations the most intimate are rudely exposed. Letters are printed without concealment, though written in the confidence of a privacy so sacred that to break it in the case of ordinary men would be to overturn society altogether. And if the result should finally show that the man who has taught us all so well what our own conduct should be, had unhappily failed in such wisdom for the guidance of his own, the general complacency and satisfaction are complete. Silly world! as even Swift can find it in his heart to say; not to understand how much better occupied it would be in finding out that men of wit may be the most, rather than the least, moral of mankind. Unlucky man of wit, who, in the teeth of his earnest warning, that only he who lives below his income lays up efficient armor against those who will cover all his frailties when he is so fortified, and exaggerate them when he is naked and defenceless,\* goes incontinently and lives above his own income, and gets himself rated as "a swindler."

Nor does Mr. Macaulay's disparagement of Steele take only the form of such harsh and quite unwarrantable expressions. It extends

from his moral to his intellectual character, and we are not permitted to believe that a man could write excellent *Tatlers* who was not able to pay his tavern-bills with unvarying punctuality.

In forming his most celebrated literary project, we are told, Steele was far indeed from seeing its consequences; and Mr. Macaulay proceeds to give us his own description of the aim and design of the *Tatler*. Suggested by Steele's experience as *Gazetteer* (to which he was appointed, not by Sunderland at the request of Addison, as Mr. Macaulay says, but by Harley at the request of Maynwaring, as both Swift and Steele himself inform us), it was to be on a plan quite new, and to appear on the days on which the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Mr. Macaulay thinks it immaterial to mention that *De Foe's Review*, with not a few points of resemblance, had already for five years travelled by the country posts on those days; but indeed the resemblance could hardly be expected to suggest itself, with such a low opinion of Steele's purpose in the *Tatler* as he seems to have formed. It was to contain, he says, the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to contain remarks on the fashionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on popular preachers. "The aim of Steele does not appear to have been at first higher than this." Mr. Macaulay's manifest object is to convey the impression that the *Tatler* had no real worth until Addison joined it.

Now the facts are, that, with the exception of very rare occasional hints embodied in papers indubitably by Steele, and of the greater part of one essay which appeared in May and of another published in July, Addison's contributions to the *Tatler* did not begin until his return from Ireland in the middle of October, 1709, when eighty numbers had been issued. If, therefore, what Mr. Macaulay would convey be correct, Steele's narrow and limited design must have lasted at least so long; and that which gives the moral not less than the intellectual charm to these famous essays, which turned their humor into a censorship of manners at once gentle and effective, and made their wit subservient to wisdom and piety, could not have become apparent till after the middle of the second volume. Up to that time, according to Mr. Macaulay, Steele must have been merely compiling news, reviewing theatres, retailing literary gossip, remarking on fashionable topics, complimenting beauties, pasquinading sharpers, or criticising preachers, and could not yet have entered the higher field which the genius of Addison was

\* The *Tatler*, No. 180.

to open to him. Nevertheless this is certain, that in dedicating the first volume of the work to Maynwaring he describes in language that admits of no misconstruction, not only his own intention in setting it on foot, but what he calls "the sudden acceptance," the extraordinary success, which immediately followed; and he further explains the character of his design as precisely that attempt "to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affection, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behavior," which Johnson marks as its happy distinguishing feature, and the very drift of all its labor in teaching us the minuter decencies and inferior duties, in regulating the practice of our daily conversation, in correcting depravities rather ridiculous than criminal, and in removing, if not the lasting calamities of life, those grievances which are its hourly vexation.

But the papers themselves are before us, if we want evidence more conclusive. Where are the commonplaces described by Mr. Macaulay? How shall we limit our selection of examples in disproof of the alleged compiling, gossiping, complimenting, pasquinading? Why, as we turn over the papers preceding that number 81 which must be said to have begun the regular contributions of Addison, there is hardly a trait that does not flash upon us of the bright wit, the cordial humor, the sly satire, the subtle yet kindly criticism, the good nature and humanity, which have endeared this delightful book to successive generations of readers: There is, indeed, not less prominent at the outset than it continued to the close, the love of theatrical representations, and no doubt actors are criticised and preachers too; but we require no better proof than the very way in which this is done, of the new and original spirit that entered with it into periodical literature. In both the critic finds means of detecting countless affectations; and no one acquainted with the Pulpit of that day need feel surprise at the hints he gives of the service the Stage might render it, or that Mr. Betterton should have borrowed from Mr. Bickerstaff the answer to Sancroft's question—why it was that actors, speaking of things imaginary, affected audiences as if they were real; while preachers, speaking of things real, could only affect their congregations as with things imaginary? "Why, indeed, I don't know; unless it is that we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary." An admirable paper to the same effect among the early Tatlers is that wherein he tells us that in tragical representations of the highest kind it is not the pomp of language, or the magnificence of dress, in which the passion is wrought that touches sensible spirits, "but something of a

plain and simple nature which breaks in upon our souls by that sympathy which is given us for our mutual good will and service."\* And he illustrates his position by the example of Macduff when he hears of the murder of his children, and of Brutus when he speaks of the death of Portia.

There is no criticism of Shakspeare in that day at all comparable to this of Steele's, at the outset and to the close of the *Tatler*. With no set analysis or fine-spun theory, but dropped only here and there, and from time to time, with a careless grace, it is yet of the subtlest discrimination. He ranks him as high in philosophy as in poetry, and in the ethics of human life and passion quotes his authority as supreme. None but Steele then thought of criticizing him in that strain. The examples just quoted, for instance, are used as lessons in art, but also as experiences for patience under actual sorrow; and he finely adds, that it is in life itself exactly as at one of his plays, where we see the man overwhelmed by grief yet struggling to bear it with decency and patience—"we sigh for him, and give him every groan he suppresses."

In this mode of eliciting, not merely canons of taste, but moral truths and rules of conduct, from the plays he sees acted, or the books he has been reading, Steele enriched his earliest and his latest *Tatlers* with a style of criticism which he must be said to have created. Nor is he satisfied with less than the highest models; delighting not more to place the philosophy above the poetry of Shakspeare, than to discover the sweetness and grace that underlie the majesty of Milton. The sixth *Tatler* begins the expression of his reverence for the latter poet, and not till the last line of the last *Tatler*, on which Shakspeare's name is imprinted, does it cease in regard to either. It was he, and not his friend, who, in that age of little faith, first raised again the Poet of Paradise; his allusions to him, from the very commencement, are incessant; and a *Tatler* of but a few days earlier than that just quoted contains not only the noble lines in which Adam contemplates the sleeping Eve, but, by way of comment on its picture of manly affection made up of respect and tenderness, throws out this delightful remark. "This is that sort of passion which truly deserves the name of love, and has something more generous than friendship itself; for it has a constant care of the object beloved, abstracted from its own interests in the possession of it."

At a time in no way remarkable for refinement, Steele's gallantry to women, thus incessantly expressed in *The Tatler* to the last, was that of a Sir Tristan or Sir Calidore; and in

\* *Tatler*, No. 68; and see No. 47.

not a small degree, to every household into which it carried such unaccustomed language, this was a ground of its extraordinary success. Inseparable always from his passion is the exalted admiration he feels; and his love is the very flower of his respect. But as, unhappily, a woman's education was then sunk to the lowest ebb, there is also no subject to which he has occasion so often and so eagerly to return, as a comparison of the large amount of care bestowed on her person with the little given to her mind. You deliver your daughter to a dancingmaster, he says in one of these papers, you put a collar round her neck, you teach her every movement, under pain of never having a husband if she steps, or looks, or moves awry; and all the time you forget the true art which "is to make mind and body improve together, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture." As he says in another paper to the like effect, a woman must think well to look well.\* He is never weary of surrounding her form with hosts of graces and delights; in her mind, how unused and uncultivated soever, he yet always recognizes a finer and more delicate humanity; and all the fascinating things ever uttered in her praise by poet or romancer must yield to what is said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings in the 49th *Tatler*. "Though her mein carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior, and to love her is a liberal education."

As we have turned to this charming passage, we meet another of his illustrations from Shakespeare, in which, rebuking the author of a new tragedy for relying too much on the retinue, guards, ushers, and courtiers of his hero to make him magnificent, "Shakespeare," he exclaims, "is your pattern. In the tragedy of *Cæsar* he introduces his hero in his night-gown." The resemblance of Addison's 42nd *Spectator* to this 53rd *Tatler* need not be pointed out; and we shall be excused for saying, with all our love and respect for Addison, that he might with good effect have taken, now and then, even a hint of conduct as well as of criticism from his friend. As to modes of dying, for example. The 11th *Tatler*, with a truth and spirit not to be surpassed, remarks that any doctrine on the subject of dying, other than that of living well, is the most insignificant and most empty of all the labors of men. A tragedian can die by rule, and wait till he discovers a plot, or says a fine thing upon his exit; but in real life, and by noble spirits, it will be done decently, without the ostentation of it. Commend me, exclaims Steele, to that natural greatness of soul expressed by an innocent and consequently reso-

lute country fellow, who said, in the pains of the colic, "If I once get this breath out of my body, you shall hang me before you put it in again." Honest Ned! And so he died.

And what hints of other characters, taken from the same portion of the *Tatler*, need we, or shall we, add to honest Ned's, in proof that Steele did not wait for Addison's help before stamping his design with the most marked feature that remained with it? The difficulty is selection. Shall we take the wealthy wags who give one another credit in discourse according to their purses, who jest by the pound, and make answers as they honor bills; and who, with unmoved muscles for the most exquisite wit whose banker's balance they do not know, smirk at every word, each speaks to the other? † Shall we take the modest young bachelor of arts, who, thinking himself fit for anything he can get, is above nothing that is offered, and, having come to town recommended to a chaplain's place but finding none vacant, modestly accepts that of a postilion? ‡ Shall we introduce the eminent storyteller and politician, who owes the regularity and fluency of his dullness entirely to his snuff-box? § Shall we make acquaintance with the whimsical young gentleman, so ambitious to be thought worse than he is, that, in his degree of understanding, he sets up for a freethinker, and talks atheistically in coffee-houses all day, though every morning and evening, it can be proved upon him, he regularly at home says his prayers? ¶ Shall the well-meaning Umbra take us by the button, and talk half an hour to us upon matters wholly insignificant with an air of the utmost solemnity, that we may teach ourselves the charity of not being offended with what has a good intention in it, by remembering that to little men little things are of weight, and that, though our courteous friend never served us, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it? || Or, while Mr. Bickerstaff thus teaches us that impotent kindness is to be tolerated, shall Mrs. Jenny Distaff show us that impotent malice is not, and that society should scout the fool who cannot listen to praise without whispering detraction, or hear a man of worth named without recounting the worst passage of his life? ¶¶

Shall we follow into Garraway's or the Stock Exchange those two men, in whom so striking a contrast appears of plain simplicity with imposing affectation, and learn that the sort of credit which commerce affects is worthless, if but sustained by the opinions of others and not by its own consciousness of value? \*\* Shall we let the smallest of pedants, Will Dactyle, convince us that learning does but im-

\* No. 212; and see No. 243.

\* *Tatler*, No. 57.

† *Tatler*, No. 52.

‡ *Tatler*, No. 35.

§ *Tatler*, No. 77.

¶ *Tatler*, No. 37.

¶¶ *Tatler*, No. 38.

\*\* *Tatler*, No. 48.



prove in us what nature endowed us with; for that not to have good sense with learning is only to have more ways of exposing oneself, and to have sense is to know that learning itself is not knowledge? \* Shall the best-natured of old men, Senecio, prove to us that the natural, and not the acquired man is the companion; that benevolence is the only law of good breeding; that society can take no account of fortune; and that he who brings his quality with him into conversation, coming to receive homage and not to meet his friends, should pay the reckoning also? † Shall we listen to Will Courtly, saying nothing but what was said before, yet appearing neither ignorant among the learned nor indiscreet with the wise, and acknowledge, so long as Will can thus converse with the wittiest without being ridiculous, that, if ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, good-breeding must be its opposite expedient of putting wise men and less wise on equality? ‡ Shall we make ourselves easy in the company of Sophronius, who, when he does a service, charms us not more by his alacrity than, when he declines one, by his manner of convincing us that such service should not have been asked? § Or shall we fidget ourselves in a room with Jack Dimple, who, having found out that what makes Sophronius acceptable is a natural behavior, in order to the same reputation makes his own entirely artificial, meditates half an hour in the ante-room to get up his careless air, and is continually running back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness? ||

Such are among a few of the characters and essays which, while Mr. Macaulay would represent the *Tatler* as yet given up to sheer commonplace, with a prodigal wit and exuberant fancy Steele was pouring out upon its readers. We touch but slightly these few, and only hint at their purport and design; entering into no more detail than may carry with it the means of outweighing an assertion advanced on authority too high to be met by mere assertion of our own. We leave fifty things unnamed, and take from those named only a sentence here and there; but is it not enough? Not to speak of what will better be described hereafter of social coloring and individual expression, have we not here what gave life to the *Tatler*? Have we not the sprightly father of the English Essay, writing at the first even as he wrote to the last; out of a true and honest heart sympathizing with all things good and true; already master of his design in beginning it, and able to stand without help, if the need should be? In his easy-chair we shall hereafter see Mr. Bickerstaff, amid the rustling of hoop-petticoats, the fluttering of fans,

and the obeisance of flowing perukes; but what here for the present we see is the critic and philosopher Steele, more wise and not less agreeable; who, in an age that faction brutalized and profligacy debased, undertook the censorship of manners, and stamped at once upon the work he invented a genius as original as delightful. Here we have ourselves the means of judging if it was gossip, and compliments, and pasquinades, in the midst of which Addison found his friend; or whether already he had not struck out the thought by which both must be famous for ever, of enlivening morality with wit and tempering wit with morality?

But another fact is not less manifest in the examples given, and with it perhaps something of excuse for the half-contemptuous tone that has done him such injustice. There is nothing so peculiar to his manner as the art of getting wisdom out of trifles. Without gravely translating his humorous announcement,\* that, when any part of his paper appeared dull, it was to be noted that there was a design in it, we may say with perfect truth that he had a design in everything. But a laugh never yet looked so wise as a frown; and, unless you are at pains to look a little beneath it, the wisdom may now and then escape you. The humorous old gentleman who is always prying into his neighbors' concerns, when he is not gossiping of his own; to whom the young beau is made responsible for wearing red-heeled shoes, and the young belle for showing herself too long at her glass; who turns the same easy artillery of wit against the rattling dice-box and the roaring pulpit; who has early notice of most of the love-affairs in town, can tell you of half the domestic quarrels, and knows more of a widow with a handsome jointure than her own lawyer or next of kin; whose tastes take a range as wide as his experience, to whom Plutarch is not less familiar than a pretty fellow, and who has for his clients not only the scholars of the Grecian, but the poets at Will's, the men of fashion at White's, and the quidnuncs of the St. James's—this old humorist, one would say, is about the last man to pass for a Socrates. And yet there was something more than whim in his ambition to have it said of his lucubrations, that, whereas Socrates had brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men, he had himself aimed to bring philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses. For it is his actual and marked peculiarity that neither more nor less than this may be generally detected in Steele. One of the sincerest of men, he was the most natural of writers; and, living in the thick of the world,

\* Tatler, No. 58; and see No. 197.

† Tatler, No. 45.

‡ Tatler, No. 21.

§ Tatler, No. 30.

|| Tatler, No. 21.

\* Tatler, No. 38.

he could not write but with a vivid and ever-present sense of it. The *humanitas humanissima* is never absent from him. If he takes up a book, it is not for a bookish purpose: he is always thinking of the life around him. Never yet, we think, has he had the due and distinctive praise for this, which in some sort separates him from every humorist, and satirist of his time. Wit more piercing and keen, a reflective spirit of wider scope, a style more correct and pure, even humor more consummate than his own, will be found, in the way of comment upon life, among his friends and fellow-laborers; but for that which vividly brings actual life before us, which touches the heart as with a present experience, which sympathizes to the very core of all that moves the joy or sorrow of his fellows, and which still, even as then, can make the follies of men ridiculous and their vices hateful without branding ridicule or hate upon the men themselves, — we must turn to Steele. In his little pictures of the world, that open new and unexpected views of it; in his wonderfully pathetic little stories, that fill our eyes with tears; in those trivial details by which he would make life easier and happier, in those accidents the most common and familiar out of which he draws secrets of humanity; what most, after all, impresses us, is a something independent of authorship. We like him the more for being nearer and more like ourselves, not for being higher or standing apart; and it is still the *man* whom his writings make pleasant to us, more than the author, the wit, the partisan, or the fine gentleman.

And a great reason for this we take to be, that he founded his theory and views of life rather on the realities that men should bravely practise, than on the pretences to which for the most part they shamefully submit. To be a man of breeding was with him to be a man of feeling; to be a fine gentleman, in his own phrase, was to be a generous and brave man; he had a proper contempt for the good manners that did not also imply the good morals; and it was the exalting and purifying influence of love for Lady Betty Modish, that made his Colonel Ranter cease to swear at the waiters.\* Be his theme, therefore, small or great, he brings it still within rules and laws which we find have not lost their interest for ourselves; and to which in truth we are in all respects still as amenable as if the red-heeled shoe, the hooped petticoat, or the flowing peruke were yet potent and predominant in our century. As an instance which at once will explain our meaning, let us take what he says of vulgarity. It is also in one of these early Tatlers.† There is, perhaps, no word so misused, none certainly of which the misuse is so mischievous; and not unfairly, by the opinions held of it, we

may take the measure of a code of ethics and philosophy.

Steele's view of the matter is, then, that it is to him a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what he means by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behavior, his thoughts, and his sentiments in that condition. For, as he puts it, if a man be loaded with riches and honors, and in that state has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest workman, is not such a workman, who within his power is good to his friends and cheerful in his occupation, in all ways much superior to him who lives but to serve himself? He then quotes the comparison, from Epictetus, of human life to a stage play; in which the philosopher tells us it is not for us to consider, among the actors, who is prince or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best. In other words, the circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our conduct in that circumstance. This alone can be our solid distinction; and from it Steele proceeds to draw certain rules of breeding and behavior. A wise man, he says, should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world; for if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of those above, or of the subordination of those below, it will have an ill effect upon our behavior to both.

With a noble spirit he adds, that he who thinks no man his superior but for virtue, and none his inferior but for vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will be ready as frequently to emulate men in rank below him, as to avoid and pity those above. Not that there was anything of the democrat or leveller in Steele. He knew too well that the distinctions of life, if taken at their true worth, would never fail to support themselves; and it was his knowledge of the quite irrepressible influence of wealth and station that urged him to such repeated enforcement of the social charities and duties to which he held them bound. It was no easy part, in his opinion, that the man of rank and wealth had to play. It was no easy thing, in friendly intercourse, to check the desire to assume *some* superiority on the ground of position or fortune. It is not every man, he said with an exquisite felicity of phrase, that can entertain with the air of a guest, and do good offices with the mien of one that receives them.

And as Steele thus held, in the great commerce of the world, that a man must be valued apart from his circumstances, in like manner he also held, that, in his relations with it, he must regulate what he would appear to be by nothing other than actually becoming it. He must not hope to pass for anything more than

\* Tatler, No. 10.

† Tatler, No. 69.

he is worth; he must take care of his own wisdom and his own virtue, without minding too much what others think; and in what he knows he has, can be his only safe pledge at any time for its acknowledgment by others. It will be a useful hint in all cases, Steele says, for a man to ask himself whether he really is what he has a mind to *be thought*, for if he is, he need not give himself much further anxiety;\* nor is there, in this mode of reasoning, anything too little or too great not to yield as its result to his philosophy the value of reality beyond appearance.

Neither philosophy nor good writing, however, can Mr. Macaulay bring himself to recognize in Steele. All he admits is, that his style was easy and not incorrect; and though his wit and humor were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an *air of vivacity* which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. "His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient in body and flavor, are yet a pleasant *small drink*, if not kept too long, or carried too far." It is sufficiently clear, at least, that they have survived too long for Mr. Macaulay. Vinegar is not more sour than the pleasant small drink, kept now too long by nearly a century and a half, is become to him.

✓ We must accept it, we suppose, as among the chances and vicissitudes to which old reputations are subject. Steele was famed as a wit before Pope came upon the town, and in those days a young poet who could say he had dined with him was not without claims to consideration. In the succeeding age this opinion went on gathering strength, and it was enough for a man to have merely written a single paper in one of the works he conducted to be thought entitled to unquestioned celebrity. "For example," said Murphy to Johnson,† "there is Mr. Ince, who used to frequent Tom's Coffee-house; he has obtained considerable fame merely from having written a paper in the *Spectator*." "But," added Johnson, "you must consider how highly Steele speaks of Mr. Ince." The dull Doctor Hurd followed, and brayed him down loudly enough; but afterwards came a reaction, the laborious and industrious Nichols produced careful editions of his writings, and he resumed his admitted rank as a humorist of the first order, the most pathetic of story-tellers, the kindest of wits and critics, and, of all the fathers of the English Essay, the most natural and the most inventive. Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, no inconsiderable authorities, even placed him above his friend, on an eminence where we cannot and need not follow them. What now has befallen him in the

other extreme we see, and that more than two hundred Tatlers, nearly two hundred and fifty Spectators, and some eighty Guardians, to say nothing of Englishmen, Lovers, Readers, Theatres, Town Talks, Plebeians, Chit Chats, and what not, have failed to win from Mr. Macaulay as much kindly recognition, as the good Samuel Johnson was ready to reward Mr. Ince with for one Spectator.

But we cannot unresistingly surrender the fame of Steele even to Mr. Macaulay's well-merited fame. To a reputation which time has made classical there belongs what no new reputation can have till it shall in turn become old; and in the attempt to reverse, by a few contemptuous sentences, a verdict of nearly two centuries, it is the assailant who is most in peril. The disadvantage doubtless is great in having to meet a general attack by detailed assertion of the claims denied, but already we have not shrunk from that detail; and still, before entering on such a sketch of Steele's personal career as may best perhaps fix those claims, and ascertain his real place among the men of his time, more of the same kind awaits us. But we will not be tempted into comparisons which would have given pain to his own generous nature. There was no measure to Steele's affection for Addison. Even Fielding's wit could not exaggerate the eagerness with which on all occasions he depreciated his own writings to exaggerate those of his friend. He declared in the last Tatler that all its finest strokes of wit and humor were his. He avowed himself, in the last Spectator, more proud of his long-continued friendship than he should be of the fame of being thought even the author of his writings. "I fared like a distressed prince," he said again, speaking of him in the preface to the *Tatler's* last volume, "who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." That Addison had changed the design of the paper he never said; but he never tired of saying that his genius had elevated and enriched it. Again and again, at various times, he reasserts this with all the hearty warmth of his unselfish and unmisgiving nature. "I rejoiced in being excelled," he exclaims, remarking on Tickell's not very generous doubts; and made those little talents, whatever they are, which I have, give way, and be subservient to the superior qualities of a friend whom I loved." Such a feeling we are bound to respect, we think, out of respect to him who entertained it; even while we see that he suffers no disadvantage from such a noble modesty.

We take therefore a specific statement made by Mr. Macaulay, not necessarily involving a comparison, though made to justify the contempt which would sacrifice one reputation

\* Tatler, No. 186; and see No. 138.

† Boswell's Life, 10th April, 1776.

to the other; and we shall meet it by some additional references to *Tatlers* written by Steele, so made as also to include some means of judgment upon them. After stating that at the close of 1709 the work was more popular than any periodical paper had ever been, and that Addison's connection with it was generally known, Mr. Macaulay adds that it was not however known that almost everything good in it was his; and that his fifty or sixty numbers were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best that any five of them were more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share. In mere extent, we may pause to remark, the participation was not so large; for, of the sixty numbers printed by Tickell, not much fewer than twenty were joint compositions, and Steele bore his full and equal part in those humorous proceedings before the Court of Honor, where even Bishop Hurd is fain to admit that "Sir Richard hath acquitted himself better than usual." But to dwell further upon this would involve what we wish to avoid. What is absolutely good, or absolutely bad, is not matter of relation or comparison; and if, upon the examples of Steele's *Tatlers* which now we are about to add to those already named, any question can be raised of their wit, feeling, or truth—their invention, their observation of life and of the shades of character—their humor, or the high moral tendency of their satire, nay, even of their sweetness, facility, and grace of style—the verdict will pass which determines, not this or that degree of inferiority to his friend, but the issue specifically raised by Mr. Macaulay, of whether or not, independently of such considerations, his title as an English humorist is to be conceded any longer. The statue has been flung down from its pedestal, but its features remain yet undefaced, and upon an honest and impartial judgment of them must rest its claim to be restored.

Our first example shall be a domestic picture, drawn by Steele in two *Tatlers* of within a few weeks' date of each other (Nos. 95 and 114), which to our thinking includes in itself almost every quality enumerated, and that in no indifferent degree. It is a common-life interior, of a truth and exactness which Wilkie or Leslie might have painted, and of that kind of pathos and purity which Goldsmith or Dickens might have written. In connection with it, too, it is to be remembered that at this time no such thing as the English novel existed. There was as yet nothing livelier, in that direction, than the interminable *Grand Cyrus* of Madame de Scuderi, or the long-winded *Cassandra* and *Pharamond* of the lord of La Calprenede, which Steele so heartily laughed at in his *Tender Husband*.

The little story conveyed in the two papers is of the simplest possible description. Mr.

Bickerstaff visits an old married friend, who had been his schoolfellow and his college companion, in whose house he always feels as in a second home, and where, as soon as the family come to town for the winter, he is expected to dinner as a matter of course. How pretty is the opening scene! "I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think that it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me, for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance." Then follows pleasant railery of Mr. Bickerstaff from all the circle, upon numberless little stories that had been told of him in the country; the hints they have heard of his marriage with a young lady there; the hope they express that he will yet give the preference to our eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary, now sixteen; and the father's laughing disbeliefs, founded on Mr. B.'s love affairs of old, and the verses he wrote on *Taminta*. But after dinner the friends are alone, and then fears for his wife's health break from the husband, which the other tries to turn aside; and so arise genial memories of the past, Mr. Bickerstaff talking over all his friend's courtship again, how they first saw her at the playhouse, and it was himself who followed her from the playhouse to ascertain her name, and who carried his friend's first love-letter to her, and who carried it back to him unopened, and how foolishly wretched he then was to think her angry in earnest. But the pleasant memory of sorrow that was unreal, and had passed away, cannot abate the abiding and still recurring fear. "That fading in her countenance," he says, "is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever." But handsomer than ever to him is the pale face; and nothing in all the boisterous passions of their youth, he tells his friend, can compare in depth and intensity with the love he feels in manhood. The poor bachelor thinks, as the other speaks, that now he shall never know it. "Her face," continues the husband more calmly, "is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests." With which thought the tide of his sorrow comes again upon him, and he describes his sinking heart as he hears the children play in the next room, and thinks what the poor things shall do when she is gone. Whereupon she re-enters; and he brightens again at her cheer-



ful face; and she knows what he has been talking of, and rallies him, and means to have Mr. Bickerstaff for her second husband unless this first will take greater care of himself, and finally gets Mr. Bickerstaff to promise to take her again to the playhouse, in memory of his having followed her one night from the playhouse.

The children then reappear to complete a domestic interior which, at a time when wit had no higher employment than to laugh at the affections and moralities of home, could have arisen only to a fancy as pure as the heart that prompted it was loving and true. The noisiest among them is Mr. Bickerstaff's godson, Dick, in whose conversation, however, though his drum is a little in the way, this nice gradation of incredulity appears, that, having got into the lives and adventures of Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age, he shakes his head at the improbability of *Æsop's Fables*. But the mother becomes a little jealous of the godson carrying off too much attention; and she will have her friend admire little Mrs. Betty's accomplishments, which accordingly are described; and so the conversation goes on till late, when Mr. Bickerstaff leaves the cordial fire-side, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor, and goes home in a pensive mood to his maid, his dog, and his cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to him.

But the little story is only half told. Having for its design to show that the pleasures of married life are too little regarded, that thousands have them and do not enjoy them, and that it is therefore a kind and good office to acquaint such people with their own happiness, he with it connects the solemn warning drawn from its fleeting tenure, and the limited duration of all enjoyment on earth.

Two months have elapsed, it is the last day of the year, and Mr. Bickerstaff is walking about his room very cheerfully, when a coach stops at his door, a lad of fifteen alights, and he perceives the eldest son of his schoolfellow. The pleasant thought has occurred to him that the father was just such a stripling at the time of their first knowledge of each other, when the boy enters, takes his hand, and bursts into tears. His thought at the moment is with his friend, and with sudden concern he inquires for him. The reply, "My mother —," and the tears that choke further utterance, tell Mr. Bickerstaff all. His friend's worst forebodings have come suddenly true. He hurries to the house; meets the celebrated divine, Dr. Smallridge, just quitting it; and, by the suppressed grief of the mourners as he enters, knows what hope and consolation that sacred teaching has left. But the husband, at sight of him, cannot out turn away his face and weep again; and

the little family of children renew the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter, in tears, is busied in attendance upon her mother; others are kneeling about the bedside; "and what troubled me most was to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did." In the room there is only one person unmoved; and as he approaches the bed she says in a low broken voice, "This is kindly done. Take care of your friend—do not go from him!" She has taken leave of them all, and the end is come. "My heart was torn in pieces to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife, even at that time, concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far commanded himself, gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bedside." The few calm grave sentences that follow this description are known to have been written by Addison. It would seem as though Steele felt himself unable to proceed, and his friend had taken the pen from his trembling hand.

Need we indicate other stories, told yet more briefly, more in the manner of direct relations, and all of them pathetic in the extreme? *Inkle and Yarico*, which has filled with tears so many eyes, and the story of Alexander Selkirk, which suggested De Foe's wonderful romance, belong to Steele's writings in the *Spectator*; but in the *Taller* we have some half-dozen tales, quite unpretendingly told, but with a reality and intensity of pathos affecting to a degree that the equally brief narrations of any other writer have never, in our judgment, equalled. Of the *Dream* in especial (No. 117) the contrivance is so inimitable, and the moral so impressive, that within the same compass we know of nothing at all approaching to its effect. A lover and his mistress are toying and trifling together in a summer evening on Dover Cliff; she snatches a copy of verses from his hand and runs before him; he is eagerly following, when he beholds on a sudden the ground sink under her, and she is dashed down the height. "I said to myself, it is not in the power of Heaven to relieve me! when I awaked, equally transported and astonished to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable." This has been given to Addison, but is certainly Steele's.

From these we may pass to his *Clubs*, all filled with character; and out of the many such so-

cieties that owed their life to his untiring invention, and that live still by his wit, we may select the Trumpet (No. 132) for brief allusion. Its members are smokers and old storytellers, rather easy than shining companions, promoting the thoughts tranquilly bedward, and not the less comfortable to Mr. Bickerstaff because, he finds himself the leading wit among them. There is old Sir Jeffrey Notch, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart, by no means to the general dissatisfaction; there is Major Matchlock, who served in the last civil wars, and every night tells them of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices, for which he is in great esteem: there is honest old Dick Reptile, who says little himself, but laughs at all the jokes; and there is the old Bencher of the Temple, next to Mr. Bickerstaff the wit of the company, who has by heart ten couplets of Hudibras, which he regularly applies before leaving the club of an evening, and who, if any modern wit or town frolic be mentioned, shakes his head at the dullness of the present age and tells a story of Jack Ogle. As for Mr. Bickerstaff himself, he is esteemed among them because they see he is something respected by others; but though they concede to him a great deal of learning, they credit him with small knowledge of the world, "insomuch that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the philosopher; and Sir Jeffrey, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, 'What does the scholar say to it?'"

But perhaps the most consummately drawn of all his characters is introduced in the essay, No. 127, in which he discourses of, and illustrates in its humbler varieties, that "affection of the mind called pride," which appears in such a multitude of disguises, every one feeling it in himself, yet wondering to see it in his neighbors. Pursuing it to its detection under the semblance of quite contrary habits and dispositions, he introduces, as the most subtle example of it he had ever known, a person for whom he had a great respect, as being an old courtier and a friend of his in his youth. And then we have a portrait of that kind which, though produced by a few apparently careless touches, never fades, never ceases to charm, and is a study for all succeeding times and painters. "The man," says Steele, "has but a bare subsistence, just enough to pay his reckoning with us at the Trumpet; but by having spent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men and persons of power, he is always promising to do good offices and to introduce every man he converses with into the world. He will desire one of ten times his substance to let him see him sometimes, and

hints to him that he does not forget him. He answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection; but, however, maintains a general civility in his words and actions, and an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with. This he practises with a grave tone and air; and though I am his senior by twelve years, and richer by forty pounds per annum, he had yesterday the impudence to commend me to my face and tell me "he should be always ready to encourage me." In a word, he is a very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious." If there is better observation or writing than this in either *Tatler* or *Spectator*, we should be very glad to become acquainted with it.

Another distemper of the mind is treated of in No. 227, where he condemns the *nil admirari* as the shallowest of doctrines; points out the great mistake the Devil makes in Milton when he can find nothing to please him even in Paradise; and looks upon a man as afflicted with disease, when he cannot discern anything which another is master of that is agreeable. With this we may connect the very perfect description, in No. 184, of that social nuisance, a professed wag; which never in its life beheld a beautiful object, but sees always, what it does see, in the most low and inconsiderable light it can be placed in. A yet earlier essay, bearing somewhat upon the same matter, is in No. 92; where, contrary to the common notion, Steele declares his belief that the love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and that it is those who best deserve it who have generally the most exquisite relish of it. Let us add from an essay on impudence in No. 168, as one of many admirable thoughts conceived in the same noble spirit, that he notes it as a mean want of fortitude in a good man not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one.

For our next examples shall we turn to the innumerable little sketches of individual character by which these and other truths are so abundantly and pleasantly enforced, are vivified, and put into action? No unattainable, impossible virtues, no abstract speculative vices, occupy the page of Steele. As promptly as his heart or knowledge suggests, his imagination creates; his fancies crowd in bodily form into life; everything with him becomes actual, and to all his airy nothings he has given lasting habitation and a name.

Shall we take a lesson against over-easiness in temper from the crafty old cit in No. 176, who, speaking of a well-natured young fellow set up with a good stock in Lombard-street, "I will," says he, "lay no more money in his hands, for he never denied me anything?" Or introduce Tom Spindle from No. 47, who takes to his bed on hearing that the French

tyrant won't sign the treaty of peace, he having just written a most excellent poem on that subject? Or, from the proof in No. 173 that by the vanity of silly fathers half the only time for education is lost, make acquaintance with the Shire-lane pastrycook who has an objection to take his son from his learning, but is resolved, as soon as he has a little smattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a soap-boiler? Or illustrate, from No. 159, the discredit which the morals of the stage then strove to cast upon marriage, and the separate beds, the silent tables, and the solitary homes, which it was the sole ambition of your men of wit and pleasure to contribute to, by the country squire who set up for a man of the town, and went home "in the gayety of his heart" to beat his wife? Or profit by the lecture read in No. 210, to the very fine and very censorious lady of quality, who is for ever railing at the vices of the age, meaning only the single vice she is not guilty of herself; and whose cruelty to a poor girl, who, whatever imperfections may rest on her, is, in her present behavior, modest, sensible, pious, and discreet, is indignantly rebuked by Mr. Bickerstaff? Or pursue the same subject in No. 217, and of the same too numerous class, who, because no one can call them one ugly name, call all mankind all the rest, humbly conceive with Mr. Bickerstaff that such ladies have a false notion of a modest woman, and dare to say that the side-boxes would supply better than many who pass upon the world and themselves for modest, and whose husbands know every pain in life with them except jealousy? Or take a different lesson from Jenny Distaff's conversation with her brother Isaac in No. 104, when, being asked the help of his magic to make her always beautiful to her husband, he shows her how an inviolable fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper, may outlive all the charms of the prettiest face, and make the decays of it invisible? Or, in No. 151, observe the unexpected sources of pride in the two sisters, one of whom holds up her head higher than ordinary from having on a pair of striped garters: or, in No. 127, the fantastic forms of it in the cobbler of Ludgate-hill, who, being naturally a lover of respect, and considering that his circumstances are such that no man living will give it him, reverses the laws of idolatry which require the man to worship the image, and contrives an inferior to himself in the wooden figure of a beau, which, hat in one hand and in posture of profound respect, holds out obsequiously in the other what is needful to its master's occasions? Or see reason, from what is told us in No. 112, of the mischief done in the world from a want of occupation for idle hours, to think an able statesman out of business like a huge whale that will endeavor to overturn the ship, unless

he has an empty cask to play with; and to wish with Mr. Bickerstaff, for the good of the nation, that many famous politicians could but take pleasure in feeding ducks? Or turn finally to that ponderous politician but small philosopher, in No. 171, who, with a very awful brow and a countenance full of weight, pronounces it a great misfortune "that men of letters seldom look into the bottom of things."

That men of letters could always look to Steele, for their heartiest champion, it would not have been needful to add, but for a proof of it in No. 101, too characteristic not to be mentioned. As on a former occasion we saw Addison, when the grief of his friend seemed to break his utterance, with a calm composure taking up his theme simply to moderate its pain; so, in this paper, to which also both contribute, and of which the exquisite opening humor closes abruptly in generous indignation, we may see each, according to his different nature, moved by an intolerable wrong. Of the maltreatment of authors, in regard to copyright, both are speaking, and high above the irresistible laugh which Addison would raise against a law that makes only rogues and pirates prosperous, rings out the clear and manly claim of Steele to be allowed to speak in the cause of learning itself, and to lament that a liberal education should be the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable, and that the only man who cannot get protection from his country should be he that best deserves it.

Nor less characteristic of that generous nature which reserved its sympathies for no single class, but could enter familiarly into all conditions, and to which nothing could be foreign that concerned humanity, is that paper, No. 87, which in the present crisis of our history should not be the least interesting to us of all the Tatlers. Those, too, were days of war and foreign siege; and while a chorus of continual praise was going up to Marlborough and Eugene, Steele bethought him to single out, as not less worthy of celebration, the courage and feeling of the private soldier. He sets before us, therefore, as dropped by his servant in dressing him, a supposed letter from one Serjeant Hall to Serjeant Cabe, "in the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards, at the Red Lattice in the Butcher Row, near Temple Bar," by which he would show us the picture of what he calls the very bravest sort of men, "a man of great courage and small hopes," and would exemplify the dignity of human nature in all states of life. The letter itself is what we have lately seen, in a hundred forms, from the heroes of Alma and Inkermann; it is just such an honest masterpiece as any of those that have made hearts throb and eyes glisten lately; and in it spoke a per-

sonal experience, as well as a kind heart and a just philosophy. Steele knew very well, as he says, this part of mankind, for in the army he had himself mixed with them. Nor will it be inappropriate that we should pass to the sketch of his actual career after allusion to another paper in which his actual experience is written, and where the charm of his natural style is carried to exquisite perfection.

It is a paper of sadness and self-examination.\* Conscious of having been giving up too much time to pleasure, he desires to correct the present by recollections of the past, to cast back his thoughts on those who had been dear and agreeable to him, to ponder step by step on the life that was gone, and revive old places of grief in his memory. But we can only take, from this charming and most touching retrospect, his earliest recollection, and his earliest grief: "The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since." And so, strengthened by love, if weakened by pity, began the life of Richard Steele.

His family on the father's side were English, but he had an Irish mother; and in Dublin, where his father held the office of secretary to the first Duke of Ormond, he was born in 1675. The Duke was one of the governors of Charterhouse, and there Richard Steele was placed, as soon as he could be entered after his father's death. He remained till he was seventeen; and from his ready scholarship of after years, as well as the kind expressions long interchanged between him

and its old head-master, Dr. Ellis, he may be assumed to have passed fairly through the school. Of his positive acquisitions only one is known, but it is by far the most important. Not the glory of his having carried off every prize and exhibition attainable, if such had been his, would have interested us half so much as the fact that here began his friendship with Joseph Addison.

The son of the Dean of Lichfield was three years older than Steele, who was a lad of only twelve, when, at the age of fifteen, Addison went up to Oxford. Three years at that age are the measure of submission or authority, and Steele never lost through life the habit of *looking up* at his friend. He went himself to Oxford in 1692, at the head of that year's post-masters for Merton; but his intercourse with the scholar of Magdalene had not ceased in the interval. Pleasant traces are left for us which connect the little fatherless lad with visitings to Addison's father, who loved him. Like one of his own children he loved me, exclaimed Steele, towards the close of his life. Those children, too, apart from his famous schoolfellow, he thanks for their affection to him; and among the possessions of his youth retained until death was a letter in the handwriting of the good old Dean, giving "his blessing on the friendship between his son and me." The little black-eyed dusky-faced lad had made himself popular at the Lichfield deanery; and he brought away from it, we will not doubt, that first ineffaceable impression which remained alike through the weakness and the strength of his future years, that religion was a part of goodness, and that cheerfulness should be inseparable from piety.

Entered of Merton in 1692, his college career is soon told. Having passed three years in a study of which he showed afterwards good use, and in a companionship which confirmed not the least memorable of friendships, he left Oxford with the love of "the whole society,"\* but without a degree, after writing a comedy which was perhaps as strong a recommendation to the one as disqualification for the other. He burnt that comedy, however, on a friend telling him it was not worth keeping. Quick, inventive, and ardent; easy and sweet in temper, social and communicative in tastes; with eager impulses and warm affections, but yet forming his opinions for himself, and giving them shape and efficacy without regard to consequences; the Dick Steele of Merton was the same Mr. Steele of Hampton and Bloomsbury to whose maturer philosophy many charming illustrations have attracted us in the foregoing pages. Having desired his friend's advice about his comedy, he had too much sincerity and too little pride not at once to act

\* Tatler, No. 181.

\* Biographia Britannica, vi. 3823.



upon it; but he was also too impatient not to ask himself afterwards, if he was to fail as a wit and a writer, in what other direction lay the chances of success? Already a hot politician, and entering with all his heart into the struggle of which the greatest champion now sat on the English throne, might he not at any rate on his hero's behalf, throw a sword if not a pen into the scale? He would be a soldier. He would, as he says, plant himself behind King William the Third against Lewis the Fourteenth. But here he was met by determined opposition; and a rich relative of his mother, who had named him heir to a large estate in Wexford, threatened to disinherit him if he took that course. He took it, and was disinherited; giving the express reason, many years later, that when he so cocked his hat, put on a broad sword, jack-boots, and shoulder-belt, and mounted a war-horse, under the unhappy Duke of Ormond's command, *he was not acquainted with his own parts*, and did not know, what he had since discovered, that he could handle a pen more effectively than a sword.\* What do we see in all this but an earlier form of the philosophy of the *Tatler*, that you must be the thing you would seem to be, and in some form manage to do what you think it right should be done?

Baffled in his hope to obtain a commission, Steele entered the army as a private in the Horse Guards, preferring, as he characteristically expresses it, the state of his mind to that of his fortune. Soon, however, the qualities which made him the delight of his comrades, obtained him a cornetcy in the regiment; and not long after, through the interest of its colonel, Lord Cutts, to whom he had acted as private secretary, he got a company in Lord Lucas's fusiliers, and became *Captain Steele*. Then began the experiences and temptations he has himself described. He found it, he says, a way of life exposed to much irregularity, and, being thoroughly convinced of many things, of which he often repented and which he more often repeated, he writ, for his own private use, a little book called the *Christian Hero*.† Nevertheless, this little book is not exactly what the good Dr. Drake, and many before him and since, appear to have thought it. You would suppose, from what is said of it, that it was "a valuable little manual" of religious exercises for use in "the intervals snatched from the orgies of voluptuousness." But it is by no means this, nor anything else that would amount to such sheer fooling and face making. Steele had too humble and pious a faith in religion to expose it to ridicule from the unscrupulous companions he lived with. How large and longing is the heart of man, compared with the shortness of

his life and the frailty of his desires, he knew; and that his own thoughts were better than his practice, it was no discredit to him also to know. But it was not to set up the one either as a cloak or a contrast to the other that he wrote the *Christian Hero*. It was not a book of either texts or prayers. There was nothing in it that a man conscious of all infirmities might not write; but there was also that in it which must have made its writer more conscious of his powers than he had been till then, and which influenced his future perhaps more than any one has supposed.

At the outset of it he tells you that men of business, whatever they may think, have not nearly so much to do with the government of the world as men of wit; but that the men of wit in that age had made a grave mistake in disregarding religion and decency. He attributes it to classical associations, that, being scholars, they are so much more apt to resort to heathen than to Christian examples; and to correct this error he proposes to show, by a series of instances, how inadequate to all the great needs of life is the Heathen, and how sufficient the Christian morality. Anticipating and answering Gibbon, he looks upon it as the special design of Providence that the time when the world received the best news it ever heard was also that when the warriors and philosophers whose virtues are most pompously arrayed in story should have been performing, or just have finished, their parts. He then introduces, with elaborate portraiture of their greatness, Cato, the younger Brutus, and other characters of antiquity; that he may also display them, in their moments of highest necessity, deprived of their courage, and deserted by their gods. By way of contrast, he next exhibits, "from a certain neglected Book, which is called, and from its excellence above all other books deservedly called, The Scripture," handling it with no Theological pretension, but as the common inheritance vouchsafed to us all, what the Christian system is. He finds in the Sermon on the Mount "the whole heart of man discovered by him that made it, and all our secret impulses to ill, and false appearances of good, exposed and detected;" he shows through what storms of want and misery it was able to bear unscathed the early martyrs and apostles; and, in demonstration of the world's present inattention to its teaching, he tells them that, after all they can say of a man, let them but conclude that he is rich, and they have made him friends, nor have they utterly overthrown him till they have said he is poor. In other words, a sole consideration to prosperity has taken, in their imaginations, the place of Christianity; and what is there that is not lost, pursues kind-hearted Steele, in that which is thus displaced? "For Christianity has that in it which

\* The Theatre, No. xi. † Apology, p. 296.

makes men pity, not scorn the wicked; and, by a beautiful kind of ignorance of themselves, think those wretches their equals." It aggravates all the benefits and good offices of life by making them seem fraternal, and its generosity is an enlarged self-love. The Christian so feels the wants of the miserable, that it sweetens the pain of the obliged; he gives with an air that has neither oppression nor superiority in it, "and is always a benefactor with the mien of a reciever."

In an expression already quoted from the *Tatler* we have seen a paraphrase of these last few words, but indeed Mr. Bickerstaff's practical and gentle philosophy, not less than his language, is anticipated by Captain Steele. The spirit of both is the same. The leading purpose in both is a hearty sympathy with humanity; a belief as both express it, that "it is not possible for a human heart to be averse to anything that is human;" a desire to link the highest associations to the commonest things; a faith in the compatibility of mirth with virtue; the wish to smooth life's road by the least acts of benevolence as well as by the greatest; and the lesson so to keep our understandings balanced, that things shall appear to us "great or little as they are in nature, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident and fortune." The thoughts and expressions, as may be seen in these quoted, are frequently the same; each has the antithetical turns and verbal contrasts, "the proud submission, the dignified obedience," which is a peculiarity of Steele's manner; in both we have the author aiming far less to be author than companion; and there is even a passage in this *Christian Hero* which brings rustling about us the hoops and petticoats of Mr. Bickerstaff's Chloes and Clarissas. He talks of the coarseness and folly, the alternate rapture and contempt, with which women are treated by the wits; he desires to see the love they inspire taken out of that false disguise, and put in its own gay and becoming dress of innocence; and he tells us that "in their tender frame there is native simplicity, groundless fear and little unaccountable contradictions, upon which there might be built expostulations to divert a good and intelligent young woman, as well as the fulsome raptures, guilty impressions, senseless deifications, and pretended deaths, that are every day offered her." Captain Steele dedicates his little book to Lord Cutts, dates it from the Tower Guard, and winds it up with a parallel between the French and the English king, not unbecoming a Christian soldier. But surely, as we thus read it on to its close, the cocked hat, the shoulder-belt, the jack-boots disappear; and we have before us, in gown and slippers, the Editor of the *Tatler*. Exit the soldier and enter the wit.

The publication of the *Christian Hero*, in

1701, is certainly the point of transition. He says himself that after it he was not thought so good a companion, and that he found it necessary to enliven his character by another kind of writing. The truth is that he had discovered at last what he best could do; and where in future he was to mount guard was not at the Tower, or under command of my Lord Cutts, but at the St. James's coffee-house, or Will's, in waiting on Mr. Congreve. The author of the *Old Bachelor* and *Love for Lore* now sat in the chair just vacated by Dryden; and appears to have shown unusual kindness to his new and promising recruit. In a letter of this date he talks of Dick Steele with an agreeable air of cordiality; and such was then Mr. Congreve's distinction, that his notice was no trifling feather in the cap of an ex-captain of Fusileers. "I hope I may have leave to indulge my vanity," says Steele, "by telling all the world that Mr. Congreve is my friend." The *Muse's Mercury* not only told the world the same thing, but published verses of the new Whig wit, and threw out hints of a forthcoming comedy.

The *Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, Steele's first dramatic production, was played at Drury Lane in 1702. Very sprightly and pleasant throughout, it was full of telling hits at lawyers and undertakers, and, with a great many laughable incidents, and no laugh raised at the expense of virtue or decency, it had one character (the widow on whom the artifice of her husband's supposed death is played off) which is a masterpiece of comedy. Guardsmen and Fusileers mustered strong on the first night; in the prologue, "a fellow-soldier" made appeal to their soldierly sympathies; Cibber, Wilks, Norris, and Mrs. Oldfield were in the cast; and the success was complete. One can imagine the enjoyment of the scene where the undertaker reviews his regiment of mourners, and singles out for indignant remonstrance one provokingly hale, well-looking mute. "You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did I not give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a week, to be sorrowful? And the more I give you I think the gladder you are!" But this was a touch that should have had for its audience a company of Addison's rather than of gay Fusileers and Guardsmen. Sydney Smith, indeed, who delighted in it, used to think it Addison's; but certainly Steele's first comedy had no insertion from that masterly hand. When it was written he was in Italy, when it was acted he was in Geneva, and he did not return to England, after an absence of more than four years, till towards the close of the following autumn.

He found his friend not only established

among the wits, but enrolled in that most select body of their number who drank Whig toasts at the Kit-Kat, with the prudent Mr. Tonson at one end of the table and the proud Duke of Somerset at the other. For the comedy had brought him repute in high Whig quarters, and even the notice of the King. He was justly proud of this. It was much to say, from experience, that nothing could make the town so fond of a man as a successful play; but more to have it to remember that "his name to be provided for, was in the last table-book ever worn by the glorious and immortal William the Third."\* Yes, the last. Between the acting of his comedy and the arrival of his friend, their great sovereign had ceased to be mortal. Somewhat sad were Whig prospects, therefore, when Addison again grasped Steele by the hand; but the Kit-Kat opened its doors eagerly to the newcomer; the first place at Will's and the St. James's was conceded to him, and the *Noctes Ceneque Deorum* began. Many have described and glorified them; and Steele coupled them in later years with a yet rarer felicity, when he had to tell of "nights spent with him apart from all the world," in the freedom and intimacy of their old school days of Charter-House, and their College walks by the banks of the Cherwell. There is no such thing as real conversation, Addison used to say, but between two persons; and after nights so passed, Steele could only think of his friend as combining in himself all the wit and nature of Terrence and Catullus, heightened with a humor more exquisite and delightful than either possessed, or than was ever the property of any other man.

Of course Captain Steele (for so, according to Mr. Dennis, he continued to be called at the theatres) had by this time begun another comedy, and from his friend he received for it not a few of what he generously said afterwards were its most applauded strokes. Nor is it difficult, we think, to trace Addison's hand in the *Tender Husband*. There is a country squire and justice of the quorum in it, perhaps the very first the stage had in those days brought from his native fields for any purpose more innocent than to have horns clapped on his head, and in the scenes with him and his lumpish nephew, there is a heightened humor we are disposed to give to Addison. But Steele's rich invention, and careless graces, are also very manifest throughout: and in the dialogues of the romance-stricken niece and her lover, from which Sheridan borrowed, and in that of the niece and her bumpkin of a cousin, to which even Goldsmith was somewhat indebted, we have pure and genuine comedy. The mistake of the peace, as of

its predecessor, is the occasional disposition to reform morals rather than to paint manners; for the rich vein which the *Tatler* worked to such inimitable uses, yielded but scantily to the working of the stage. But the *Tender Husband* admirably acted by Wilks, Norris, and Estcourt, and above all by Mrs. Oldfield in that love-lorn Parthenissa, Biddy Tipkin, well deserved its success. Before its production there had arrived the glorious news of Blenheim, and Steele flung in some Whiggish and patriotic touches. Addison wrote the prologue, and to Addison the piece was dedicated: the author taking that means of declaring publicly to the world that he looked upon this intimacy as the most valuable enjoyment of his life, and hoping also to make the Town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of his comedy by acknowledging, that this had so far raised his own opinion of it as to make him think it no improper memorial of an inviolable friendship. To Addison he addressed at the same time a more private wish, which lay very near his heart. "I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might sometime or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of *The Monument*, in memory of our friendship."\* Such a work, under a livelier title, not planned with that view by either friend, was soon to perpetuate, and inseparably to connect, the names of both.

Meanwhile, after two or three years of adversity and depression, the Whig cause had again brightened. The great foreign policy of William coerced, as with a spell, the purposes of his successors; and with the victory of Blenheim Whig principles obtained again the mastery. In that interval of gloomy and variable weather many changes had become also perceptible in the places of resort which the wits made famous. The coffee-house had ceased to be any longer such neutral ground as it had formerly been. Men are more jealous of their opinions when their opinions are less prosperous, more eager themselves to champion them, and less tolerant of others who oppose them. Literature itself took insensibly a stronger tone, and a higher position, in those stormy and threatening days. It was the only direct communication between the men who governed the State, and the people from whom, if the Act of Settlement was to have any authority, they received their sole commission to govern it. Halifax, Somers, Sunderland, Cowper, indeed all the leading Whig lords, knew this thoroughly, and if they had acted on it less partially, would have kept their ground better than they did. When Mr. Mackey, in his *Memoirs of his Secret Services*, says of Halifax that he was a great en-

\* Apology, p. 297.

\* The Spectator, No. 555.

courager of learning and learned men, Swift grimly writes in the margin that "his encouragements were only good words and dinners." But that at any rate was something. At such a time as the present it was much. When Blemheim made a "new" Whig of the Tory Lord Treasurer, a good word from Halifax got Addison a commissionership of two hundred a year from him; and while the restoration of the old Whigs was yet doubtful, the dinners of Halifax at least kept their partisans together and Prior himself was made not less steady than even Ambrose Philips or Steele.

But, as we have said, prospects in that direction were brightening at last. Events were accomplishing, of themselves, what the actors in them had not the power to prevent; and, through whatever remaining obstacle or hinderance, for the present the plain result had become too imminent for longer delay by any possible combination of clergy and country gentlemen. What was done with that hope only hastened the catastrophe. Oddly enough, however, it happened just at this time that the only consolation of which the circumstances were capable, was suggested by a member of the one disheartened class to a member of the other. It was at the St. James's coffee-house, now the great Whig resort, but into which there had stumbled one day, when all the leading wits were present, a "gentleman in boots just come out of the country." Already also, on that day a clergyman of remarkable appearance had been observed in the room. Of stalwart figure, with great sternness and not much refinement of face, but with the most wonderful eyes looking out from under heavy brows, he had been walking half an hour or so incessantly to and fro across the floor without speaking to anybody; when at last, on the entrance of the booted squire, up went this walking priest to him, and asked this question aloud: "Pray, Sir, do you remember any good weather in the world? The country gentleman was of course unprepared for anything in the way of allegory, and stammered out an answer which did little credit to him as an agriculturist. "Yes, Sir, thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." To which the querist rejoined, "That is more than I can say. I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well"—took up his hat, and without another word to any body walked out of the room.

That was the first introduction of Steele and Addison to the Reverend Jonathan Swift. Not long after, however, they knew in him not only "the mad parson," but the writer of one of the most effective of Whig pamphlets, the author of the most masterly prose satire

published since the Rabelais, the foremost intellect, and one of the first wits of the day. Nor was he, to them, the least delightful of associates. When Addison, shortly after this time, gave him his book of travels, he wrote on its fly-leaf that it was given to the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age. Happily none of them yet knew what his master-passion was, of what little value he counted friendships or alliances that might thwart it, with what secret purpose he sought the power to be derived from literary distinction, to what uses he would have turned his influence over those Whig wits at the St. James's Coffee-house, and what a dark and dreary past he was there himself to redeem. As yet they saw him only in his amiable aspect; somewhat perhaps condescending to their mirth, but sharing in it nevertheless, and, when he pleased, making it run over with abundance. Indeed he cared so little for what was matter of real moment to them, that he was able often to pass for a goodnatured man in points where they failed to show good nature. "I have great credit with him," he wrote of an indifferent verse-writer to Ambrose Philips, when a foreign employment had for a time carried off that staunch Whig poet, "because I can listen when he reads, which neither you, nor the Addisons, nor Steeles ever can." It is the same letter in which he tells Ambrose that the "triumvirate" of Addison, Steele, and himself, come together as seldom as the sun, moon, and earth; though he often sees each of them, and each of them him and each other; but, when he is of their number, justice is done to Ambrose as he would desire.

No doubt, when the triumvirate were thus together, Swift could do justice also, in his dry way, to the pretty little opera of *Rosamund*, which Mr. Addison had permitted to be represented, and which, though it brought him no repute, added another member to the circle who surrounded him—the "senate," as Pope afterwards called them—in the person of that young Mr. Tickell of Oxford who addressed to him a poem in admiration of it. One may imagine, too, that while Swift bore with much equanimity Mr. Addison's failure on that occasion, he might be even disposed to make merry at a certain contemporaneous failure of the other member of the triumvirate, who, having proposed to give a dramatic form to Jeremy Collier's *Short View*, and to introduce upon the stage itself that slashing divine's uncompromising strictures of it, produced his *Lying Lover*, and had the honor to inform the House of Common some years later, that he alone, of all English dramatists, had written a comedy which was damned for its piety. This surprising incident closed for the present Steele's dramatic career; and when the *Muse's Mer-*



cury next introduced his name to its readers, it was to say that, as for comedies, there was no great expectation of anything of that kind since Mr. Farquhar's death, for "the two gentlemen who would probably always succeed in the comic vein, Mr. Congreve and Captain Steele, have affairs of much greater importance at present to take up their time and thoughts."

Soon after his pious failure, in truth, he had received from the gift of Harley what he calls the lowest office in the state, that of Gazetteer, and with it the post of Gentleman-Usher in the household of Prince George. It was not long before Harley's own resignation he had to thank him for this service; and it was at the very time when the old Whigs were to all appearance again firmly established, and Addison was Under-Secretary of State, that hearings of no distant change became again perceptible. Writers themselves were beginning to sway from side to side as preferments fell thick. There was Rowe coming over from the Tories, and there was Prior going over from the Whigs,\* and there was the "mad parson" of the St. James's coffee-house talking his *Tract on Civil Discords* to alarm the Tories, or his *Tale of the Tub* to alarm the Whigs, according as either side for the time inclined. And in the midst of these portents, as we have said, Mr. Harley quitted office, and the Whig phalanx little dreamed what he went to plan and meditate in his compelled retirement.

But in other than political ways the current of life was moving on with Steele, and matters of private as well as public concern had to do with his secession from the theatre. Some little time before this he had received a moderate fortune in West India property with his first wife, the sister of a planter in Barbadoes; and he had been left a widower not many months after the marriage. Just before Harley left the ministry, he married again; and, of every letter or note he addressed to his second wife during the twelve years of their union, that lady proved herself so curiously thrifty, whether for her own comfort in often reading his words or for his plague in often repeating them, that the public curiosity was gratified at the commencement of the century

by the publication of upwards of 400 such compositions; and thus the most private thoughts, the most familiar and unguarded expressions, weaknesses which the best men pass their lives in concealing, self-reproaches that only arise to the most generous natures, everything in short, that Richard Steele uttered in the confidence of an intimacy the most sacred, and which repeatedly he had begged "might be shown to no one living," became the property of all the world. It will be seen, as we proceed, how he stands a test such as never was applied, within our knowledge, to any other man on earth.

"Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing," and Steele's does not seem to have been prolonged beyond a month. But his letters are such masterpieces of ardor and respect, of tender passion and honest feeling, of good sense and earnestness as well as of playful sweetness, that the lady may fairly be forgiven for having so soon surrendered. Instead of saying he shall die for her, he protests he shall be glad to lead his life with her; and on those terms she accepts, to use the phrase she afterwards applied to him, "as agreeable and pleasant a man as any in England." Once accepted, his letters are incessant. He writes to her every hour, as he thinks of her every moment, of the day. He cannot read his books, he cannot see his friends, for thinking of her. While Addison and he are together at Chelsea, he steals a moment, while his friend is in the next room, to tell the charmer of his soul that he is only and passionately hers. In town he seems to have shared Addison's lodgings at this time; not many weeks afterwards, he tells her "Mr. Addison does not remove till to-morrow, and therefore I cannot think of moving my goods out of his lodgings;" thus early she seems to have contracted that habit of calling Addison her "rival," which he often charges on her in subsequent years; and who will doubt that the Under-Secretary, rigid moralist as he was, formed part of that "very good company," who, not many days before the marriage, drank Mrs. Mary Scurlock's health (such was her name: she was the daughter and sole heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq., of the county of Carmarthen) by the title of *the woman Dick Steele loves best*, to an extent it would hardly be decorous now to mention? The last few days before the wedding are the least tolerable of all. If he calls at a friend's house, he must borrow the means of writing to her. If he is at a coffee-house, the waiter is despatched to her. If a minister at his office asks him what news from Lisbon, he answers she is exquisitely handsome. If Mr. Elliott desires at the St. James's to know when he has been last at Hampton Court, he replies it will be Tuesday come se'ennight. For the happy day was fixed at last; and on "Tuesday come se'en-

\* In the *Hammer Correspondence* published not many years ago we have a significant letter from Prior to Hammer, dated in 1707, and referring to another accession the Whigs lately had, in the person of Mr. Edmund Smith, who dedicated his play to Lord Halifax. "*Phœdra* is a prostitute, and Smith's dedication is nonsense. People do me a great deal of honor. They say when you and I had lookt over this piece for six months, the man could write verse; but when we had forsaken him, and he went over to St— and Addison, he could not write prose: you see, Sir, how dangerous it is to be well with you; a man is no longer father of his own writings, if they are good."

night," the 9th of September 1707, the adorable Molly Scurlock became Mrs. Richard Steele.

It does not fall within our purpose to dwell in much detail upon so large a subject as this lady's merits and defects, but some circumstances attended the marriage of a nature to make some of its early results less surprising. In her fortune of 400*l.* a-year her mother had a life-interest, and she does not seem to have regarded favorably any of the plans the newly-married couple proposed. On the other hand, Steele had certainly over-estimated his own income; and a failure in his Barbadoes estate made matters worse in this respect. Eager, meanwhile, to show all distinction to one he loved so tenderly, and believing, as he wrote to her mother, that the desire of his friends in power to serve him more than warranted the expectations he had formed, his establishment was larger than prudence should have dictated. Mrs. Steele had a town-house in Bury-street, St. James's; and within six weeks of the marriage, her husband had bought her a pretty little house at Hampton Court which he furnished handsomely, and pleasantly called, by way of contrast to *the Palace* by the side of which it stood, *the Hovel*. In the neighborhood lived Lord Halifax, between whom and Steele as well as Addison there was such frequent intercourse at the time, that this probably led to Steele's first unwise outlay, which Addison helped to make up by a loan of a thousand pounds. In some-thing less than a year (the 20th August, 1708) the whole of this loan was repaid; but soon after the same sort of thing re-appears in the correspondence; and not till some eight or nine years later does it entirely disappear, after a manner to be related hereafter, and very needlessly mis-related hitherto. Thus established at Hampton Court, Mrs. Steele drives her chariot and pair; upon occasion, even four horses. She has a little saddle-horse of her own, which costs her husband five shillings a week for his keep, when in town. She has also Richard the footman, and Watts the gardener, and Will the boy, and her "own" women, and a boy who can speak Welsh when she goes down to Carmarthen. But, also, it must be confessed, she seems to have had a frequent and alarming recurrence of small needs and troubles which it is not easy to account for. If it be safe to take strictly the notes she so carefully preserved, she was somewhat in the position pleasantly described by Madame Sévigné, in her remark to the Countess Calonne and Madame Mazarine when they visited her on their way through Arles: "My dears, you are like the heroines of romances; jewels in abundance, but scarce a shift to your backs!"

In the fifth month after their marriage

Steele writes to her from the Devil Tavern at Temple Bar (Ben Johnson's house), to tell her he cannot be home to dinner, but that he has partly succeeded in his business, and that he incloses two guineas as earnest of more, languishes for her welfare, and will never be a moment careless again. Next month he is getting Jacob Tonson to discount a bill for him, and he desires that the man who has his shoemaker's bill should be told he means to call on him as he goes home. Three months later he finds it necessary to sleep away from home for a day or two, and orders the printer's boy to be sent to him, with his night-gown, slippers, and clean linen, at the tavern where he is. But in a few days all seems prosperous again: she calls for him in her coach at Lord Sunderland's office, with his best perwig and new shoes in the coach-box, and they have a cheerful drive together. Not many days later, just as he is going to dine with Lord Halifax, he has to inclose her a guinea for her pocket. She has driven in her chariot-and-four to Hampton Court on the Tuesday, and on the Thursday he sends her a small quantity of tea she was much in want of. On the day when he had paid back Addison his first thousand pounds, he incloses for her immediate uses a guinea and a half. The day before he and "her favorite" Mr. Addison are going to meet some great men of the State, he sends her a quarter of a pound of black tea, and the same quantity of green. The day before he goes into his last attendance at Court upon Prince George, he conveys to her a sum so small, that he can only excuse it by saying he has kept but half as much in his own pocket. And a few days after Mr. Addison has taken him in a coach-and-four to dine with his sister and her husband, he tells his dearest Prue that he has despatched to her seven pennyworth of walnuts, at five a penny, the packet containing which he opens with much gravity before it goes, to inform her that since the invoice six walnuts have been abstracted.

In that humorous touch, not less than in the change from his "dearest Molly" to his "dearest Prue," by which latter name he always in future called her, we get glimpses of the character of Mrs. Richard Steele. That she had unusual graces both of mind and person, so to have fascinated a man like her husband, may well be assumed; but here we may also see something of the defects and demerits that accompanied them. She seems to have been thrifty and prudent of everything that told against him (as in keeping every scrap of his letters), but by no means remarkably so in other respects. Clearly also, she gave herself the most capricious and prudish airs; and quite astonishing is the success with which she appears to have exacted of him, not only an amount of personal devotion unusual in an age

much the reverse of chivalrous, but accounts the most minute of all he might be doing in her absence. He thinks it hard, he says in one letter, that because she is handsome she will not behave herself with the obedience that people of worse features do, but that he must be continually giving her an account of every trifle and minute of his time; yet he does it nevertheless. In subjoining some illustrations on this point from their first year of marriage, let us not fail to observe how characteristically the world has treated such a record. If Mr. Steele's general intercourse with his wife had been in keeping with the customary habits of the age, he would have had no need to make excuses or apologies of any kind; yet these very excuses, the exception that should prove the rule, are in his case taken as a rule to prove against him the exception.

He meets a schoolfellow from India, and has to write to the dearest being on earth to pardon him if she does not see him till eleven o'clock. He has to dine at the gentleman-usher's table at Court, and he sends his dear ruler a messenger to bring him back her orders. He cannot possibly come home to dinner, and he writes to tell his dear, dear wife that he cannot. He "lay last night at Mr. Addison's," and has to tell the dear creature the how and the why, and all about the papers they were preparing for the press. A friend stops him as he is going home, and carries him off to Will's, whereon he sends a messenger, at eleven at night, to tell her it is a Welsh acquaintance of hers, and they are only drinking her health, and he will be with her "within a pint of wine." If, on another occasion, he has any fear of the time of his exact return, he sends a special despatch to tell her to go to bed. When any interesting news reaches him for his Gazette, he sends it off at once to her. From the midst of his proofs at the office he is continually writing to her. When at the close of a day of hard work, he has gone to dine with Addison at Sandy End, he snatches a little time from eating, while the others are busy at it at the table, to tell her he is "yours, yours, ever, ever." He sends her a letter for no other purpose than to tell his dear, dear Prue, that he is sincerely her fond husband. He has a touch of the gout, and exasperates it by coming down stairs to celebrate her first birthday since their wedding; but it is his comfort, he tells her mother, as he hobbles about on his crutches, to see his dear little wife dancing at the other end of the room.

When Lord Sunderland orders him to attend at council, he sends a special note to warn Prue of the uncertainty of his release. When in May, 1708, Mr. Addison is chosen member for Lostwithiel, and he is obliged,

with some persons concerned, to go to him immediately, he has to write to acquaint her with that fact. He will write from the Secretary's office at seven to tell her he hopes to be richer next day; and again he will write, at half-past ten the same night, to assure her he is then going very soberly to bed, and that she shall be the last thing in his thoughts as he does so, as well as the first next morning. Next morning he tells her she was not, he is sure, soon awake as he was for her, desiring upon her the blessing of God. He writes to her as many letters in one day as there are posts, or stage-coaches, to Hampton Court; and then gets Jervas the painter to fling another letter for her over their garden-wall, as he passes there at night. He lets her visit his Gazette office, nay, is glad of visits at such a place, he tells her, from so agreeable a person as herself; and when her gay dress comes fluttering in, and with it "the beautifullest object his eyes can rest upon," he forgets all his troubles. And if charming words could enrich what they accompanied, of priceless value must have been the guineas, the five guineas, the two guineas, the ten shillings, they commended to her. He has none of Sir Bashful Constant's scruples in confessing that he is in love with his wife. His life is bound up with her; he values nothing truly but as she is its partaker; he is but what she makes him; with the strictest fidelity and love, with the utmost kindness and duty, with every dictate of his affections, with every pulse of his heart, he is her passionate adorer, her enamored husband. To which the measure of her return, in words at least, may perhaps be taken from the fact that he has more than once to ask her to "write him word" that she shall really be overjoyed when they meet.

The tone of her letters is, indeed, often a matter of complaint with him, and more often a theme for loving banter and pleasant rivalry. What does her dissatisfaction amount to, he asks her on one occasion, but that she has a husband who loves her better than his life, and who has a great deal of troublesome business out of the pain of which he removes the dearest thing alive? Her manner of writing, he says to her on some similar provocation, might to another look like neglect and want of love; but *he* will not understand it so, for he takes it only to be the uneasiness of a doating fondness which cannot bear his absence without disdain. She may think what she pleases, again he tells her, but she knows she has the best husband in the world. On a particular letter filled with her caprices reaching him, he says of course he must take his portion as it runs without repining, for he considers that good nature, added to the beautiful form God has given her, would make a

happiness too great for human life. But, be it lightly or gravely expressed, the feeling in which all these little strifes and contentions close, on his part, is still that there are not words to express the tenderness he has for her; that *love* is too harsh a word; that if she knew how his heart aches when she speaks an unkind word to him, and springs with joy when she smiles upon him, he is sure she would be more eager to make him happy like a good wife, than to torment him like a peevish beauty.

Nevertheless there are differences, more rare, which the peevish beauty *will* push into positive quarrels, and from these his kind heart suffers much. The first we trace some eight months after the marriage (we limit all our present illustrations, we should remark, to the first year and a half of their wedded life), when we find him trying to court her into good humor after it, and protesting that two or three more such differences will despatch him quite. On another occasion he takes a higher tone. She has saucily told him that their little dispute has been far from a trouble to her, to which he gravely replies, that to him it has been the greatest affliction imaginable. Yet he will have her understand, that, though he loves her better than the light of his eyes, or the life-blood in his heart, he will not have his time or his will, on which her interests as well as his depend, under any direction but his own. Upon this a great explosion appears to have followed; and almost the only fragment we possess of her writing is a confession of error consequent upon it, which so far is curiously characteristic of what we believe her nature to have been, that while, in language which may somewhat explain the secret of her fascination over him, it gives even touching expression to her love and her contrition, it yet also contrives, in the very act of penitence, to plant another thorn. She begs his pardon if she has offended him, and she prays God to forgive him for adding to the sorrow of a heavy heart, which is above all sorrow but for his sake. This he is content to put aside by a very fervent assurance that there is not that thing on earth, except his honor, and that dignity which every man who lives in the world must preserve to himself, which he is not ready to sacrifice to her will and inclination; and then he pleasantly closes by telling her that he had been dining the day before with Lord Halifax, when they had drank to the "beauties in the garden." The beauties in the garden were Prue and an old schoolfellow then on a visit to her.

And of the wits who so drank to her at Lord Halifax's, Swift was doubtless one. For this was the time when what he afterwards sneeringly called that nobleman's "good words and good dinners" were most abundant, and

when Anthony Henley put together, as the very type of unexceptionable Whig company "Mr. Swift, Lord Halifax, Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and the Gazetteer." Never was Swift so intimate as now with Steele and Addison. We have him dining with Steele at the George, when Addison entertains; with Addison at the Fountain, when Steele entertains; and with both at the St. James's, when Wortley Montague is the host. And no wonder the run upon him was great at the time, for he had lately started that wonderful joke against Partridge in which the rest of the wits joined so eagerly, and which not only kept the town in fits of laughter for a great many months, but was turned to a memorable use by Steele. In ridicule of that notorious almanac-maker, and all similar impostors, Swift devised sundry Predictions after their own manner for the year 1708, the very first of which announced nothing less than the death of Partridge himself, which event, after extremely cautious consultation with the star of his nativity, he fixed for the 29th of March, about eleven at night; and he was casting about for a whimsical name to give to the assumed astrologer who was to publish this joke, when his eye caught a sign over a locksmith's house with *Isaac Bickerstaff* underneath. Out accordingly came Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions, followed very speedily by an account of the "accomplishment of the first of them upon the 29th instant." What he most counted upon of course was, that Partridge should be such a fool as to take the matter up gravely; and he was not disappointed. In a furious pamphlet the old astrologer declared he was perfectly well, and they were knaves that reported it otherwise. Whereupon Mr. Bickerstaff retorted with a vindication more diverting than either of its predecessors; Rowe, Steele, Addison, and Prior contributed to the entertainment in divers amusing ways; Congreve, affecting to come to the rescue, described under Partridge's name the distresses and reproaches 'Squire Bickerstaff had exposed him to, inasmuch that he could not leave his doors without somebody twitting him for sneaking about without paying his funeral expenses; and all this, heightened in comicality by its contrast with the downright rage of Partridge himself, who was continually advertising himself not dead, and by the fact that the Company of Stationers did actually proceed as if in earnest he were, so contributed to make Mr. Bickerstaff talked about far and wide, that Steele afterwards said no more than the truth when he gave Swift the merit of having rendered that name famous through all parts of Europe, and raised it by his imitable spirit and humor to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

Not yet for a few months, however, was



that prediction to be falsified, and the name of Bickerstaff, even from Steele himself, to receive additional glory. The close of 1708 was a time of sore distress with him, aggravated by his wife's approaching confinement. An execution for rent was put into Bury Street, which unassisted he could not satisfy; and it has been surmised that Addison was the friend whom he describes as denying him assistance. This, however, is not likely. Though he tells his wife, two days afterwards, that she is to be of good cheer, for he has found friendship among the lowest when disappointed by the highest, he far too eagerly connects with "her rival" Addison, in a letter of less than a week's later date, a suggestion which is at once to bring back happiness to them all, to point with any probability the former reproach against him. Just at this time, on Wharton becoming Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addison received the appointment of Secretary, and his instant suggestion was that Steele should put in his claim for the Under-Secretaryship which this would vacate. Through letters extending over some five or six weeks, it is obvious that the hope continues to sustain Steele, and that the friends are working together to that end. It is not extinguished even so late as Addison's farewell supper, "where he treats" before his departure; and Steele helps him in doing the honors to his friends. But he is doomed to experience what Addison himself proved during the reverses of some twelve months later, that "the most likely way to get a place is to appear not to want it;"\* and three weeks later he writes to a friend that his hopes for the Under-Secretaryship are at an end, but he believes "something additional" is to be given to him. After a few weeks more, his daughter Elizabeth is born, and, according to a memorandum in the writing of Prue, "her godmothers were my mother and Mrs. Vaughan, her godfathers Mr. Wortley Montague and Mr. Addison."

Not many weeks after the Irish Secretary's departure occurred that incident, which, little as he was conscious of it at the time, concerned him far more than all the state dignities or worldly advantages his great friends could give and take away. On Tuesday the 12th of April, 1709, Steele published, as the first of the *Lacubrations* of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, the first number of the *Tatler*; which he continued to issue unintermittedly, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, until Tuesday the 2nd of January, 1710-11. It does not

appear that any one was in his secret, unless perhaps Swift; who was still lingering in London, with whom he was in constant communication (all Swift's letters and packets being addressed to him at his office, for the friend's privilege of so getting them free of postage), and whom he most probably consulted before using Mr. Bickerstaff's name. Addison, whose later connection with it became so memorable, was certainly not consulted at first, and did not even recognize his friend's hand till some numbers had appeared. The first four were given to the newsmen for distribution gratis, and afterwards the price charged was a penny. The early and large demand from the country does not seem to have been expected; for it was not till after the 26th number that a threehalfpenny edition was regularly published with a blank half-sheet for transmission by post. Steele himself appears modestly to have thought, if Spence reports him accurately, that the combination with its more original matter of its little articles of news, to which of course his official position imparted unusual authority, first gave it the wings that carried it so far; but after what we have shown of its other attractions at the very outset, this explanation will hardly be required. The causes, too, as well as the extent, of its popularity, have been pointed out by a then living authority quite unexceptionable.

Gay was a young man just entering on the town, and, already with strong Tory leanings, he wrote to a friend in the country, shortly after the appearance of the last number, that its sudden cessation was bewailed as some general calamity; and that by it the coffee-houses had lost more customers than they could hope to retain by all their other newspapers put together. And who, continues Gay, remembering the thousand follies it had either banished or given check to, how much it had contributed to virtue and religion, how many it had rendered happy by merely showing it was their own fault if they were not so, and to what extent it had impressed upon the indifferent the graces and advantages of letters, who shall wonder that Mr. Bickerstaff, apart from his standing with the wits, at the morning tea tables and evening assemblies should of all guests have become the most welcome? that the very merchants on 'Change should have relished and caressed him? and that, not less than the ladies at Court, were the bankers in Lombard Street now verily persuaded that "Captain Steele is the greatest scholar and best casuist of any man in England?"

One bitter drop there was, nevertheless, in the cup thus overflowing. Even the Tories, says Gay, "in respect to his other good qualities, had almost forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring against them." There

\* This expression is in one of Addison's letters, hitherto unpublished, of which a collection has been submitted to us, for the purposes of this paper, by the courtesy of Mr. Bohn, in whose complete edition of Addison's works, prepared for his "Standard Library," they are designed to appear.

is much virtue in an *almost*. Here it means that Steele would certainly have been forgiven his first unaccountable imprudence, if he had not gone on committing a vast many more.

The *Tatler* had not been half a year in existence when uneasy symptoms of weakness broke out among the Ministry. In the autumn Addison returned to London, and the first result of the conference of the friends was a letter from Steele to Swift, who remained in Ireland. It enclosed a letter from Lord Halifax. It told Swift that no man could have said more in praise of another than Addison had said last Wednesday in praise of him at Lord Halifax's dinner-table. It assured him that among powerful men no opportunity was now omitted to upbraid the Ministry for his stay in Ireland, and there was but one opinion among the company that day, which included Lord Edward Russell, Lord Essex, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Addison, and himself. Finally, it wonders that Swift does not oftener write to him, reminds him of the town's eagerness to listen to the real Mr. Bickerstaff, and tells him how his substitute longs to usher him and his into the world;—"not that there can be anything added by me to your fame," says the good-hearted writer, "but to walk bare-headed before you." In this letter may be read the anxiety of the Whigs, conceived too late, as so many of their good purposes have been, to secure the services of Jonathan Swift. The reply was a first-rate *Tatler*, but nothing satisfactory in regard to the Whigs.

Soon after broke out the Sacheverell trial, and with it the opportunity Harley had planned and waited for. He saw the Whig game was up, and that he had only to present himself and claim the spoil. Steele saw it too, and made vain attempts in the *Tatler* to turn the popular current. The promise made him before Addison's first departure for Dublin was now redeemed; and a Commissionership of Stamps testified tardily enough the Whig sense of the services he was rendering, and the risks he was running, in their behalf. From all sides poured in upon him, at the same time, warnings which he bravely disregarded. From Ireland, under the name of Aminadab, he was prudently counselled to consider what a day might bring forth, and to "think of that as he took tobacco;" nor could he, in accordance with such advice, have taken many whiffs, when Swift followed his letter. By the time he arrived in London, at the close of August, 1710, the Whig overthrow was complete: Harley and Saint John were in power; his friend Prior, who had gone over to them and was expelled from the Kit Kat, was abusing his old associate Steele in a new paper called the *Examiner*; and the first piece of interesting news he had to write to Stella was, that Steele would certainly lose his place of Gazetteer.

This was after an evening (the 10th September) passed in company with him and Addison. They met again at the dinner-table of Lord Halifax on the 1st of October, when Swift refused to pledge with them the resurrection, unless they would add the reformation, of the Whigs; but he omitted to mention that on that very day he had been busy lampooning the ex-Whig Premier. Three days after, he was dining with Harley, having cast his fortunes finally against his old friends; and before the same month had closed, the *Gazette* had been taken from Steele.

Yet Swift affects to feel some surprise that, on going to Addison a few days later to talk over Steele's prospects, and offer his good services with Harley, Addison should have "talked as if he suspected me," and refused to fall in with anything proposed. More strangely still, he complains to Stella the next day that he has never had an invitation to Steele's house since he came over from Ireland, and that during this visit he has not even seen his wife, "by whom he is governed most abominably. So what care I for his wit?" he adds; "for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head." Nevertheless he shows still a strange hankering after both the friends, and not so much indifference as might be supposed to the worst of company: for the next social glimpse we have of him is at our old acquaintance Elliott's, of the St. James's, where the coffee-man has a christening, at which, as Vicar of Laracor he officiates; and where "the rogue" had a most noble supper, and Steele and himself sat among some scurvy people over a bowl of punch till very late indeed. But, in truth, one has not much difficulty, through any apparent discorancy of statement, in discovering exactly enough in what position recent events had now placed the two friends towards him. On their side, without further faith in his political profession, was still the same respect for his genius, and still the same desire to have help from his wit; and on his, underlying a real desire to be of service where he could, too much of a fussy display of his eagerness to serve, and far too exuberant and exulting a sense of that sudden and unwonted favor at Whitehall which seemed half to have turned the great brain that had condescendingly waited for it so long. At his intercession Harley was to see Steele, but the ex-Gazetteer did not even keep the appointment which was to save him his commissionership. He probably knew, better than Swift, that Harley had no present intention to remove him. The new Lord Treasurer certainly surprised his antagonist Steele less than his friend Jonathan, by showing no more resentment than was implied in the request that the latter should not give any more help to the *Tatler*. "They hate to think that I should help

him," he wrote to Stella, "and so I frankly told them I would do it no more."

Already Steele had taken the determination, however, which made this resolve of the least possible importance to him. His loss of the *Gazette* entailed a change in the conduct of his paper, which had convinced him of the expediency of commencing it on a new plan. The town was startled by the announcement, therefore, that the *Tatler* of the 2nd January, 1710-11, was to be the last; and Swift informs us that Addison, whom he met that night at supper, was as much surprised at the announcement as himself, and quite as little prepared for it. But this may only express the limit of the confidence now reposed in himself. There can be little doubt that the friends acted together in what already was in agitation to replace the *Tatler*. Nor is there any ground to suppose that Addison was ignorant, or Swift informed, of an interview which Steele had with Harley in the interval before the new design was matured. The Lord Treasurer's weakness was certainly not a contempt or disregard for letters, and though the object of the meeting was to settle a kind of armed neutrality, he overpassed it so far as to intimate the wish not simply to retain Steele the Commissionship, but to give him something more valuable.\* This was civilly declined, but the courtesy was not forgotten; and the better feeling it promoted for a time, with the understood abstinence from present hostility involved in it, obtained all the more zealous help from Addison to his friend's new scheme. On Thursday the 1st March, 1710-11, appeared the first number of the *Spectator*, with an announcement that it was to be continued daily. Much wonder was raised by so bold a promise, and little hope entertained that it could ever be redeemed. The result showed, nevertheless, with what well-grounded confidence the friends had embarked in an enterprise which men of less resource thought extravagant and impossible. From day to day, without a single intermission, the *Spectator* was continued through 555 numbers, up to the 6th December, 1712. It began with a regular design, which, with unflagging spirit, was kept up to its close. "It certainly is very pretty," wrote Swift to Stella, after some

dozen numbers had appeared, and, in answer to her question, had to tell her that it was written by Steele with Addison's help. "Mr. Steele seems to have gathered new life," he added, "and to have a new fund of wit."

So indeed it might have seemed. Never had he shown greater freshness and invention than in his first sketches of the characters that were to give life to the new design: nor can any higher thing be said of his conception of Sir Roger de Coverly and Will Honeycomb, than that it deserved the noble elaboration of Addison; or of his humorous touches to the short-faced gentleman,\* than that even Addison's invention was enriched by them. It is not our purpose here to compare or criticise what each, according to his genius, contributed. It is enough to say that to the last both nobly bore their part, and that whatever we have seen in the *Tatler* of Steele's wit, pathos, and philosophy, reappeared with new graces in the *Spectator*. There was the same inexpressible charm in the matter, the same inexhaustible variety in the form; and upon all the keen exposure of vice or the pleasant laugh at folly, as prominent in the life-like little story as in the criticism of an actor or a play, making attractive the gravest themes to the unthinking, and recommending the lightest fancies to the most grave, there was still the old and ineffaceable impress of good nature and humanity — the soul of a sincere man shining out through it all. Let any one read that interrupted series of twenty-two *Spectators*, which Steele daily contributed from the 6th to the 31st of August, 1711, and doubt his title to a full share in the glory and fame of the enterprise. Try his claim to participate in its wit and character by such papers as the short-faced gentleman's experiences (No. 4); as the seven he inserted in the series of Sir Roger de Coverly; as those numerous sketches of Clubs which his touch filled with such various life; and as the essays we have named below.† Let him be measured, too, in graver themes, by such papers as those on *Living to our own Satisfaction* (No. 27), on

\* We can give only one out of many masterly strokes; but in the whole range of Addison's wit, is there anything more perfect than Steele's making the *Spectator* remember that he was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason than his profound taciturnity?

\* "When I had the honor of a short conversation with you, you were pleased not only to signify to me that I should remain in this office, but to add that, if I would name to you one of more value, which would be more commodious to me, you would favor me in it. . . . I thank your Lordship for the regard and distinction which you have at sundry times showed me." So Steele wrote to Harley (then Lord Oxford) on resigning his Commissionship a little more than two years after the date in the text, when the *Spectator* had been brought to a close, and his tacit compact with Addison was at an end.

† On Powell's Puppet-Show (No. 14), On Ordinary People (No. 17), On Envious People (No. 19), On Over-Consciousness and Affectation (No. 38), On Coffee-house Politicians (No. 49), On Court Mournings (No. 64), On the Fine Gentlemen of the Stage (No. 65), On Coarse Speaking (No. 75), On the Improvidence of Jack Truopenny (No. 82), On the Footmen of the House of Peers (No. 88), On the Portable Quality of Good Humor (No. 100), On Servants' Letters (No. 137), On the Man of Wit and Pleasure (No. 151), On the Virtues of Self-denial (No. 206 and No. 248), On Generous Men

Female Education (No. 66), on the Death of a Friend (No. 133), on the Fear of Death (No. 152), on Youth and Age (No. 153), on the Flogging at Public Schools (No. 157), on Raffaello's Cartoons (No. 226), and above all, on the death of the comedian Estcourt (No. 468), the last one of his most characteristic, wise, and beautiful pieces of writing; and so long as these and many others survive, there will be no need to strike him apart, or judge him aloof, from his friend.

Nothing in England had ever equalled the success of the *Spectator*. It sold, in numbers and volumes, to an extent almost fabulous in those days, and, when Bolingbroke's stamp carried Grub-street by storm, was the solitary survivor of that famous siege. Doubling its price, it yet fairly held its ground, and at its close was not only paying Government 29l. a week on account of the halfpenny stamp upon the numbers sold, but had a circulation in volumes of nearly ten thousand. Altogether it must often have circulated, before the stamp, thirty thousand, which might be multiplied by six to give a corresponding popularity in our day. Nevertheless Steele had been for some time uneasy and restless. Thus far, with reasonable fidelity, the armistice on his side had been kept, but from day to day, at what he believed to be the thickening of a plot against public liberty, he found it more and more difficult to observe; and not seldom latterly, perhaps in spite of himself, his thoughts took the direction of politics. "He has been mighty impertinent of late in his *Spectators*," wrote Swift to Stella, "and I believe he will very soon lose his employment." That was to Steele the last and least thing at present. What he wanted was a certain freedom for himself which hardly consisted with the plan of the *Spectator*, and he now resolved to substitute an entirely new set of characters. He closed it in December, 1712, and announced a new daily paper, called the *Guardian*, for the following March.

Into this new paper, to which Addison (engaged in preparing *Cato* for the stage) did not for a considerable time contribute, he carried the services of the young poet whose surprising genius was now the talk of the town. Steele had recognized at once Pope's surpassing merit, and in his friendly critic Pope welcomed a congenial friend. He submitted verses to him, altered them to his pleasure, wrote a poem at his request, and protested himself more eager to be called his little friend, Dick Distich, than to be complimented with the title of a great genius or an eminent hand. He was so recreated, in short, as he afterwards

wrote to Addison, with "the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit which Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humors darts about him," that he did not immediately foresee the consequence of engaging with so ardent a politician. Accordingly, just as Swift broke out into open quarrel with his old associate, we find Pope confessing that many honest Jacobites were taking it very ill of him that he continued to write with Steele.

The dispute with Swift need not detain us. It is enough if we use it to show Steele's spirit as a gentleman, who could not retort an injustice, or fight wrong with wrong. When, after a very few months, he stood before the House of Commons to justify himself from libels which had exhausted the language of scurrility in heaping insult upon him and his, the only personal remark he made was to quote a handsome tribute he had formerly offered to their writer, with this manly addition: "The gentleman I here intended was Dr. Swift. This kind of man I thought him at that time: we have not met of late, but I hope he deserves this character still." And why was he thus tender of Swift? He avowed the reason in the last paper of the *Englishman*, where he says that he knew his sensibility of reproach to be such that he would be unable to bear life itself under half the ill language he had given others. Swift himself had formerly described to him those early days when he possessed that sensitive fear of libel to an extraordinary degree, and this had not been forgotten by his generous adversary.

But what really was at issue in their quarrel ought to be stated, since it forms the point of departure taken by Steele, not simply from those who differed but from many who agreed with him in politics. "Principles are out of the case," said Swift, "we dispute wholly about persons." "No," rejoined Steele, "the dispute is not about persons and parties, but things and causes." Such had been the daring conduct of the men in power, and such their insolent success, that Steele, at a time when few had the courage to speak, did not scruple to declare what he believed to be their ultimate design. "Nothing," he wrote to his wife some few months after the present date, "nothing but Divine Providence can prevent a Civil War within a few years." Swift laughed, and said Steele's head had been turned by the success of his papers, and he thought himself mightily more important than he really was. This may have been so; but whatever imaginary value he gave himself he was at least ready to risk, for the supposed duty he thought incumbent on him. Nor was it little for him, in his position at that time, to surrender literature for politics; to resign his Commissionership of Stamps; and to enter the House of Commons. He did not

(No. 346) On Witty Companions (No. 358), On the Comic Actors (No. 370), On Jack Sippet (No. 448), and On various Forms of Anger (No. 438), with its whimsical contrasts of imperturbability and wrath.



require Pope to point him out lamentingly to Congreve, as a great instance of the fate of all who are so carried away, with the risk of being not only punished by the other party but of suffering from their own. Even from the warning of Addison, that his zeal for the public might be ruinous to himself, he had turned silently aside. Not a day now passed that the most violent scurrilities were not directed against his pen and person, in which one of Swift's "under-writers," Wagstaff, made himself conspicuous; and Colley Cibber laughs at the way in which these scribes were laboring to transfer to his friend Addison the credit of all his *Tatlers* and *Spectators*. Nevertheless he went steadily on. "It is not for me," he remarked with much dignity, "to say how I write or speak, but it is for me to say I do both honestly; and when I threw away some fame for letters and politeness, to serve the nobler ends of justice and government, I did not do it with a design to be as negligent of what should be said of me with relation to my integrity. No, wit and humor are the dress and ornament of the mind; but honesty and truth are the soul itself." We may, or may not, think Steele discreet in the choice he made; but of his sincerity and disinterestedness there ought to be no doubt whatever.

When at last, upon the publication of his *Crisis*, which was but the sequel to those papers in the *Guardian* that led to his election for Stockbridge, the motion was made to expel him for having "maliciously insinuated that the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover is in danger under her Majesty's administration," the Whigs rallied to his support with what strength they could. Walpole and Stanhope took their place on either side of him as he waited at the bar, and Addison prompted him throughout his spirited and temperate defence. But the most interesting occurrence of that day was the speech of Lord Finch. This young nobleman, afterwards famous as a minister and orator, owed gratitude to Steele for having repelled in the *Guardian* a libel on his sister, and he rose to make his maiden speech in defence of her defender. But bashfulness overcame him, and after a few confused sentences he sat down, crying out as he did so: "It is strange I cannot speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him!" Upon this, such cheering rang through the house, that suddenly the young lord took heart, rose again, and made the first of a long series of telling and able speeches. But of course it did not save Steele, who was expelled by a majority of nearly a hundred in a house of four hundred members.

It was a short-lived triumph, we need hardly say. Soon came the blow which struck down that tyrant majority, dispersed its treason into air, consigned Oxford to the Tower, and drove Bolingbroke into exile. Eagerly Steele wrote to

his wife from the St. James's coffeehouse, on the 31st July 1714, that the queen was dead. It was a mistake, but she died next day. Three days later he writes from the Thatched House, St. James's, that he has been loaded with compliments by the Regents, and assured of something immediately. Yet it was but little he obtained. He received a place in the household (surveyorship of the royal stables); was placed in the commission of peace for Middlesex; and on subsequently going up with an address from that county, was knighted. A little before he became Sir Richard, however, the member for Truro resigned the supervision of the Theatre Royal (then a government office, entitling to a share in the patent, and worth seven or eight hundred a-year), and the players so earnestly petitioned for Steele as his successor, that he was named to the office. "His spirits took such a lively turn upon it," says Cibber, "that, had we been all his own sons, no unexpected act of filial duty could have more endeared us to him." Whatever the coldness elsewhere might be, here, at any rate, was warmth enough. Benefits past were not benefits forgot with those lively goodnatured men. They remembered, as Cibber tells us, when a criticism in the *Tatler* used to fill their theatre at a time when nothing else could; and they knew that not a comedian among them\* but owed something to Sir Richard Steele, whose goodnature on one occasion even consented that Doggett should announce the *Tatler* as intending to be bodily present at his benefit, and permitted him to dress at himself a fictitious Isaac Bickerstaff for amusement of the crowded house.

Less mindful of the past than the players, Steele certainly found the politicians. But, in showing that the course he took in the prosperous days of Whiggism differed in no respect from that which he had taken in its adverse days, some excuse may perhaps arise for the dispensers of patronage and office. He entered Parliament for Boroughbridge, the Duke of Newcastle having given him his interest there; and for some time, and with some success as a speaker, he took part in the

\* The most humble, as well as the highest, obtained his good word, and it would be difficult to give a better instance, in a few lines, at once of his kindness and his genius as a critic of players, than what he says of a small actor of Betterton's time: "Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself: one of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of *Hamlet*, to awake the conscience of the guilty princess. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air as represented that he was an actor; and with such an inferior manner, as only acting an actor, that the others on the stage were made to appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive."

debates. He wittily described the House at this time as consisting very much of silent people oppressed by the choice of a great deal to say, and of eloquent people ignorant that what they said was nothing to the purpose; and as it was, he tells us, his own ambition to speak only what he thought, so it was his weakness to think such a course might have its use. He attacked every attempt to give power to the Church independent of the State, and created much offence by declaring that, if Rome pretended to be infallible and England to be always in the right, he saw little difference between the two. In his prosperity Harley had no assailant more bitter, and in his adversity no more generous opponent, than Steele. As he had fought the Schism Bill under the Tories, under the Whigs he pleaded for toleration to the Roman Catholics. "I suppose this," he wrote to his wife, "gave a handle to the fame of my being a Tory; but you may perhaps by this time have heard that I am turned Presbyterian, for the same day, in a meeting of a hundred Parliament-men, I labored as much for the Protestant Dissenters." No man was so bitter against the Jacobites as long as any chance of their success remained, but none so often or so successfully interceded for mercy when the day had gone against them. The mischief of the South-Sea Scheme was by Steele more than any man exposed, but for such of the directors as had themselves been its dupes no man spoke so charitably. Walpole had befriended him most on the question of his expulsion, and he admired him more than any other politician; yet he alone in the House spoke against Walpole's proposition about the Debt, "because he did not think the way of doing it just." Addison was the man he to the last admired the most, and, notwithstanding any recurring coolness or indifference, loved the most on earth; but, on the question of Lord Sunderland's Peerage Bill, he joined Walpole against Addison, and with tongue and pen so actively promoted its defeat that we may even yet, on that score, hold ourselves his debtors.

To this rapid sketch of Steele's career as a politician, it might seem superfluous to add his complaint against those who neglected him, or that, when the Duke of Newcastle had been so mean as to punish his opposition to the Peerage Bill by depriving him of his Drury Lane appointment (to which, we may interpose, he was restored as soon as Walpole returned to office), he should thus have written to Lady Steele: "I am talking to my wife, and therefore may speak my heart, and the vanity of it. I know — and you are witness — that I have served the Royal Family with an unreservedness due only to Heaven; and I am now (I thank my brother Whigs) not possessed of twenty shillings from the favor of the Court." But neither should we attempt to conceal that

a man of a different temperament and more self-control would hardly at this time, after all the opportunities his own genius had opened to him, have needed the exercise or complained of the absence of such "favor."

It is not our desire to extenuate the failings of Sir Richard Steele, nor have we sought to omit them from this picture of his career. It was unhappily of the very essence of his character that any present social impression took, so far, the place of all previous moral resolutions; and that, bitterly as he had often felt the "shot of accident and the dart of chance," he still thought them carelessly to be brushed aside by the smiling face and heedless hand. No man's projects for fortune had so often failed, yet none were so often renewed. The very art of his genius told against him in his life; and that he could so readily disentangle his thoughts from what most gave them pain and uneasiness, and direct his sensibility at will to flow into many channels, had certainly not a tendency to favor the balance at his banker's. But such a man is no example of improvidence for others. Its ordinary warnings come within quite another class of cases; and, even in stating what is least to be commended in Steele, there is no need to omit what in his case will justify some exceptional consideration of it. At least we have the example of a bishop to quote for as much good nature as we can spare.

Doctor Hoadly, the Bishop of Bangor, was a steady friend of Steele's, and consented ultimately to act as executor and guardian to his children. He accompanied him and Addison one day to a Whig celebration of King William's anniversary, and became rather grave to see the lengths to which the festivity threatened to arrive. In the midst of his doubts, in came a humble but facetious Whig on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand; drank it off to the immortal memory; and then, still in his kneeling posture, managed to shuffle out. "Do laugh," whispered Steele to the bishop, next to whom he sat; "it's *humanity* to laugh." For which humane episcopal exertion, carried to a yet higher tolerance in his own case at a later period of the evening, Steele sent him next morning this pleasant couplet:

Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,  
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.

In another humorous anecdote of this date Hoadly was also an actor with Steele. They went together on a visit to Blenheim, and sat next each other at a private play got up for the amusement of the great Duke, now lapsing into his last illness, when, as they both observed how well a love-scene was acted by the Duke's aide-de-camp, Captain Fische, "I doubt this fish is flesh, my Lord," whispered Steele. On going away they had to pass through an army of laced coats and ruffles in the hall,

and, as the Bishop was preparing the usual fees, "I have not enough," cried his companion, and much to the episcopal discomposure, proceeded to address the footmen, told them he had been much struck by the good taste with which he had seen then applauding in the right place up stairs, and invited them all gratis to Drury Lane theatre, to whatever play they might like to bespeak.

At this date it was, too, that young Savage, for whom Wilks had produced a comedy at Drury Lane, was kindly noticed and greatly assisted by Steele, though all the stories of him he afterwards told to Johnson only showed how sorely he needed assistance himself. He surprised him one day by carrying him in his coach to a tavern, and dictating a pamphlet to him, which he was sent out into Grub street to sell; when he found that Sir Richard had only retired for the day to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet to pay his reckoning. Johnson also believed on the same authority, that at one of Steele's great dinner parties he had dressed up in expensive liveries, and turned to use as additional footmen, certain bailiffs whose attendance, though unavoidable, might not else have seemed so creditable. It was from Savage, too, Johnson heard the story of the bond put in execution against his friend by Addison, which Steele mentioned, he said, with tears in his eyes. Not so, however, did Steele tell it to another friend, Benjamin Victor, who, before Savage's relation was made public, had told it again to Garrick. To Victor, Steele said that certainly his bond on some expensive furniture had been put in force, but that, from the letter he received with the surplus arising from the sale, he knew that Addison only intended a friendly warning against a manner of living altogether too costly, and that, taking it as he believed it to be meant, he met him afterwards with the same gayety of temper he had always shown.

This story is not incredible, we think; and to invent, as Mr. Macaulay has done, another story in place of one so well authenticated, involves at least some waste of ingenuity. One may fairly imagine such an incident following not long after the accession of King George, when in his new house in York Buildings, Steele gave an extravagant entertainment to some couple of hundred friends, and amused his guests with a series of dramatic recitations, which (one of his many projects) he had some thought of trying on an extended plan, with a view to the more regular supply of trained actors for the stage. For though Addison assisted at this entertainment, and even wrote an epilogue\* for the occasion, making pleasant mirth of the foibles of his friend—

\* Dr. Drake attributed this Epilogue to Steele himself; and has been followed by subsequent

"The Sage, whose guests you are to-night, is known  
To watch the public weal, though not his own" etc.

—nay, though we can hardly doubt that he showed no reluctance himself to partake of the Burgundy and Champagne, Addison may yet have thought it no unfriendly act to check the danger of any frequent repetition of indulgences in that direction. And, even apart from the nights they now so frequently passed together at Button's new coffee-house, we have abundant evidence that the friendly relations, though certainly not all the old intimacy, continued. On the day following that on which Addison became Secretary of State, Steele dined with him, and on the next day he wrote to his wife that he was named one of the Commissioners for Forfeited Estates in Scotland.

The duties of this office took him much from home in his latter years; and before we close with the brief mention those years may claim from us, we will give a parting glance at what his home had now become. For the greater part of the time since he moved from Bury Street, he has lived in Bloomsbury Square. His wife has borne him four children, two boys and two girls, of whom the eldest boy, Richard, Lord Halifax's godson, died in childhood, and the second, Eugene, a few years before his father. His girls survived him, and the eldest became Lady Trevor. The old sudden alternations of sunshine and storm have continued between himself and Prue; there have been great wants and great enjoyments, much peevishness and much tenderness, quarrels and reconciliations numberless; but very manifestly, also, on the whole, the children have brought them nearer to each other. He is no longer his dearest Prue's alone, but, as he occasionally signs himself, "Your—Betty—Dick—Eugene—Molly's affectionate Richard Steele." At his own request, his wife's small fortune has been settled on these children; and one of her letters to him, upon the result of this arrangement with her mother, appears to have begun with the expression of her thankfulness that the children would at least have to say hereafter of their father that he kept his integrity. He gives her incessant reports of them when she happens to be absent. He tells her how Molly, who is the noisiest little creature in the world, and as active as a boy, has bid him let her know she fell down just now, and did not hurt herself; how Madam Betty is the gravest of matrons in her airs and civilities; how Eugene

writers; but it was certainly written by Addison, as the lines themselves bear internal proof. It was first printed, and with Addison's name, in the eighth volume of that now rare book, Nichols's *Select Collection of Poems*.

is a most beautiful and lusty child; and how Dick is becoming a great scholar, for whenever his father's *Virgil* is shown him he makes shrewd remarks upon the pictures. In that same letter he calls her "poor, dear, angry, pleased, pretty, witty, silly, *everything* Prue;" and he has never failed, through all these years, to send her the tenderest words on the most trivial occasions. He writes to her on his way to the Kit-Kat, in waiting on my Lord Wharton or the Duke of Newcastle. He coaxes her to dress well for the dinner to which he has invited the Mayor of Stockbridge, Lord Halifax, and Mr. Addison. He writes to her when he has the honor of being received at dinner by Lord Somers; and he writes from among the "dancing, singing, hooping, hallooing, and drinking" of one of his elections for Boroughbridge. He sends a special despatch for no other purpose than to tell her she has nothing to do but be a darling. He sends her as many as a dozen letters in the course of his journey to Edinburgh; and when, on his return, illness keeps them apart, one in London, the other at Hampton Court, her happening to call him *Good Dick* puts him in so much rapture, that he tells her he could almost forget his miserable gout and lameness, and walk down to her. Not long after this her illness terminated fatally. She died on the morrow of the Christmas Day of 1718.

Of his own subsequent life, the leading public incidents were his controversy with Addison on the Peerage Bill, where we hold him to have had much the advantage of his adversary in both his reasoning and conclusions; and the production of his comedy of the *Conscious Lovers*, the most carefully written and the most successful though in our opinion, with

much respect for that of Parson Adams, not the best of his comedies. Of the projects that also occupied him in these years, especially that of his fish-pool invention, we have nothing to say, but that Addison, who certainly did not sneer at him in the "little Dicky" of the second *Old Whig*, ought to have spared him, not less, the sneer in that pamphlet at his "stagnated pool." Steele did not retort with anything more personal than an admiring quotation from *Cato*; and his *Plebeian* forms in this respect no contrast to the uniform tone in which he spoke of his friend. But his children were his greatest solicitude, as well as chief delight, in these latter years, and, amid failing health and growing infirmities, he is never tired of superintending their lessons, or of writing them gay and entertaining letters, as from friend or playfellow. After three years' retirement in Wales, attended by his two little daughters, he died there at the age of fifty-three.

He had survived much, but neither his cheerful temper nor his kind philosophy. He would be carried out in a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were at their rural sports, and with his pencil give an order on his agent for a new gown to the best dancer. That was the last thing seen of Richard Steele. And the youths and maidens who so saw him in his invalid-chair, enfeebled and dying, saw him still as the wits and fine ladies and gentlemen had seen him in his gayety and youth, when he sat in the chair of Mr. Bickerstaff, creating pleasure for himself by the communication of pleasure to others, and in proportion to the happiness he distributed increasing his own.

*The Christ of History; an Argument grounded in the Facts of his Life on Earth.* By John Young, M. A.

The object of this work is to deduce the divine nature of Christ from his human biography, so to speak; to avoid—at least in terms, for it is very difficult to manage it in fact—all proofs drawn from the supernatural, and confine the argument wholly to the natural. The idea is not new. The original and elevated nature of his doctrines, and the purity of his life, have been often dwelt upon as proofs of the supernatural character of Christ. What Mr. Young does is more completely to develop the idea, by pursuing it into the details of the life, and to assume a good deal as fact which is merely presumption,—as the private life of Christ from birth till his thirtieth year. Dealt with in this way, it may be doubted whether opponents would grant the premises Mr. Young assumes. We certainly think that if we are to take the biographical facts of the Gospel, they must be taken as they are.

They cannot be separated in the mind, though they may be on paper. If this, however, can be done, it is beyond the power of this writer to do it properly. He is somewhat reckless in the statements on which he bases his arguments; affirming general propositions which common experience contradicts, in the extent to which he pushes them. He has besides a sectarian narrowness of view, and a platform of self-sufficiency in reasoning, very unfit for the difficult subject which he has taken up.—*Spectator*.

ENGLISH PREACHERS IN PARIS.—The following have been selected by the Bishop of London to preach to the English during the Exhibition at Paris in the Church of the Consistoire, which has been placed at their disposal by the Reformed Church of France:—Archdeacon Sinclair, Rev. J. R. Gleig, Rev. H. Melvill, Rev. R. Bickersteth, Rev. Richard Burgess, Bishop of Oxford, Bishop of Jamaica, Hon. and Rev. M. Villiers.



From The Spectator, 7 April.

# EASTER 1855.

EASTER comes to us, this year, not only as the anniversary of the event which forms the common centre of the religious beliefs and feelings of all Christendom, but as the birth-time of the event in recent history in which our feelings and interests are most closely implicated, and which, however differing from the other in its outside aspect and accidents, is, unless our estimate of things is wholly wrong, in nowise alien or abhorrent in its inner meaning and purpose from the anniversary which recalls the birth-throes of Christianity amid the agonies and passions of a popular martyrdom. Unless we profoundly believed that the best interests of Europe are heavily staked upon the issue of the war between Russia and the Western Powers—that right and justice are on our side in the quarrel, and that the Almighty Ruler of the Universe nerves the arm and inspires the heart of those who battle for that righteousness which is His essence—we should have little cause for making the war a subject of Easter discourse, little consolation except in turning altogether from it and its fortunes, to those larger interests of humanity which are not quite so much in the power of stupid officials to mismanage and to mar.

If the lives of nations are no more than those of individuals to be measured by the lapse of minutes, weeks, and years, but by the events, actions, and emotions crowded into them, what an immense time has passed for us since last Easter! How lyrical has the year been in its intensity of feeling; how epical in its grandeur and variety of action; how dramatic in its changes of fortune for individuals, in its traits of character brought out from the level of ordinary life! The English nation has passed through all gradations of emotion, from the loud trumpet-tones of defiance, the grand aspirations of a self-reliant patriotism, the exultation of triumph and conscious courage, to doubt, anxiety, disgust, and a general sense of helpless imbecility and effeteness. In the minds of individuals these feelings have blended affectingly with the more pathetic hopes and fears excited by the ties of blood and personal regard. It has been for us all, as a nation and as individuals, a time in which we have "felt our lives." And the events with which the feelings have been associated have been the great facts of history and poetry. Fleets of unprecedented power have sailed from our ports; new agencies in warfare have been tried for the first time on a great scale; armies of immense force have been transported from one side of Europe to the other with unexampled rapidity; great victories have been won; a vast enterprise, heightened to the imagination by the uncertainty of our knowledge of the foe's strength, has been carried into execution; individual heroism has been displayed, recalling the utmost achievements of men of past ages; and finally, death has crowned the year with the most majestic of victims, as if no feature should be wanting to stamp the drama with great and unexpected interest. Over all the exciting details of the time the banners of France and England

have waved in a cordial amity which sheds the brightest rays of hope upon its bloodiest and most terrible scenes; and at this moment, while the conflict is at its closest grip, and we are waiting with strained expectancy, unwearied by delay and disappointment, to catch the first authentic tidings of decisive action from the Crimea, the Emperor Louis Napoleon is preparing to come among us with his wife, to cement by ties of personal courtesy and respect those of common interest by which the governments and nations of France and England are united in purpose and action.

Three months ago, when Christmas invited us to a comprehensive retrospect of the year 1854, we referred to many of these topics, and found no reason for regretting ourselves the course we had taken throughout the year in regard to the quarrel between Russia and the West, nor for believing that the English nation regretted its decision. Nothing that has happened since, nothing that we have learned since, induces us to modify either opinion. We also thought at that time, that we had in no sense failed in the objects for which the war was undertaken; that no errors had been committed in the conduct of the war beyond such as are inevitable in extended and complicated operations, or were involved in the peculiar conditions under which we were acting. Any such opinions would have to be expressed now with considerable modifications; and as our views of the future were, three months ago colored by our judgment of the past, we must modify to the same extent our estimate of the issues to be now expected. Since Christmas, a Government has fallen before one of the most decisive explosions of public anger recorded in modern times. Individuals may have been unjustly visited with the results of a bad system, but the utter badness of the system has been established beyond controversy; while no conspicuous ability has shown itself capable of either constructing an effective system, or of working the bad system effectively by dint of genius and energy. On the other hand, whatever be the cause, the enemy has exhibited an energy, a resource, a skill in defence, for which we were not prepared to give the Russians credit, and which neither our Generals nor our Government seem at all prepared to encounter and overcome. The temper of the English nation, acted on by their clear perception of these facts, has changed from exultation and triumph to something much more like a dogged sense of the necessity of persistence; not at all to despair, but to a consciousness that their utmost powers are called into play, if this country is not to sink lower in power and prestige than any Englishman would willingly see her. Perhaps the darkest period of public feeling was during the interregnum that succeeded the fall of Lord Aberdeen's Government, when the political notabilities seemed smitten with paralysis, and selfish ambition, clique prejudices, and all the faults of government by party, came out in singular rankness, and landed us at last in a position in which we have a temporary Government, formed of the débris of that party which three years ago became entirely unendurable, even before its

disruption, from want of capacity, of purpose, and of hold on either the practical wants or the ideas of both the masses of the people and the thinkers. Since that interregnum, the news from our army has been less and less discouraging; the resources of the country are beginning to tell somewhat in proportion to our expectation on the comfort and efficiency of our soldiers; and whatever serious feeling of despondency remains arises from the growing doubt of the heads that direct that vast array of physical force and scientific skill. At home the indignation of the public has been glutted with political victims; and, inferior as the new Government is in talent and high reputation, all men feel that Lord Palmerston must be supported, simply because he is filling a place which it has been found extremely difficult to find any one to fill. He has only to display invention, firmness, and a determination to rely on his services to the country in her need, rather than on great families, to commute his temporary power into a lasting tenure. We regret to say he has *to do* this; for it is what ought to be no matter of doubt after two months' occupancy of the proud position, for which so much action of a dubious character has been expended, so many high considerations thrown aside, so many friends and rivals made tools or victims.

The position of the country just now is, however, far more really favorable to the vigorous prosecution of the war than it was last year. Nothing can be more detrimental to any permanent success against a great military power than ignorance of our own weakness and of his strength. The Reform-Club braggadocio was but a type of a state of feeling common throughout the country, from which neither ministers of state nor ploughmen were free, and which was not more a sin against good taste than it was a real source of danger. It was dangerous both in exposing us to defeat from the enemy and to disappointment at home, not unlikely to lead to a general reaction against the war, and sure to be laid hold of for their own purposes by the Peace-at-any-price party. The former peril we have encountered in the modified form of non-success to the height of our hopes; the latter, to the credit both of the constancy and the understanding of our people, has been safely passed. Sobered and awakened from dreams of easy and rapid triumph, the English nation has distinguished between official lapses and national weakness; and, solely anxious to discover and amend the errors which have obstructed the success of its armies, has given no indication of faintheartedness in the prosecution of the war, or of reluctance to meet the emergency. This state of public feeling forms the most hopeful element in our prospects; and, if it do not evaporate in talking and pamphlet-writing, it will lead to results that will amply compensate for the humiliation and distress of the last four months.

It is in its influence upon public feeling that the beneficial effects of the Committee of Inquiry may be expected. Those effects may be so useful as to fully counterbalance all the danger to which the Inquiry exposed our Executive vigor and our French alliance, but which

dangers have been hitherto warded off, mainly through the alteration in the personnel of the Committee as originally proposed, through the enforced publicity of its proceedings, and the emphatic warning given and heightened by the refusal of an important section of the Cabinet to sanction the Inquiry. But if the Inquiry is to do good, it can only be as the preliminary to action. The evils which its evidence lays daily before the public, exemplified in particular instances, have all been known to official men long ago. Ministers who have themselves filled offices in connection with the War departments, Ministers and Members of Parliament who have sat upon Military Commissions, the public in general who have read frequent debates on these matters, have not allowed these evils to remain from ignorance, but from apathy. It is not the public who have stood in the way of their being reformed long ago; it is the Ministers, who will not give up patronage, who will not offend political supporters; it is Members of Parliament, who insist on sharing the spoils of office and patronage. So far as the public is to blame, it is for not perceiving that the efficiency of the public service is of the highest importance and the truest economy. Will the stronger light thrown by recent failures and recent disclosures raise up a spirit in the nation strong enough to insist that the public services shall be professions in which work is done, and not titular occupations in which office-hours are kept and office-rules observed? If the inquiry does this for us, we shall willingly withdraw all refined and hypothetical objections to its constitution and functions. At present we have seen no symptoms that encourage us to expect from the present Government any thorough reform of the system. When we do see them, we shall be among the first to welcome them.

The reform of all branches of our military and of many of our civil services, is equally a necessity whether the war with Russia come to a speedy termination or not. The exposure of our weakness has been complete; all Europe knows it: unless the remedy be as complete and as public, our prestige—and that means our power to enforce our rights without going to war—is irreparably damaged. Still, no sane man would advocate a continuance of the war merely to stimulate the country to increased attention to its military establishments. That would be indeed a putting of the cart before the horse. It may, however, tend to console us, in case the Vienna Conference fail to procure peace for Europe, that continued war will have the effect of teaching us practically what is required to make our establishments perfect, and to enforce public attention to carrying out the lesson. Our own opinion is that diplomacy will hardly succeed at present in finding the solution that arms have hitherto failed to disclose. It is not on newspaper paragraphs of the most doubtful authority that we found our anticipations of the failure of the pending negotiations, but on the sure ground of a knowledge of the interests and passions of the contending nations. The Conference will not break off on the "third point" because Lord John Russell and M. Drouyn de

Lhuys are not skilled negotiators, but because in the nature of things the demands we have to make of Russia cannot be reconciled with her assumed position in Europe, and we have not yet lowered that position down to our demands. Russia will not consent to make concessions which we have not shown ourselves strong enough to wring from her. The war will go on; and we trust that our statesmen are not such fools as to have entered upon this Conference without binding Austria not to recede from the alliance on any such ground as that Russia has conceded all she asks, and only refuses to concede demands which she cannot join in demanding. Such a blunder would be impossible in an unpaid attaché.

We may therefore expect, that when Louis Napoleon enters the gates of Windsor Castle as the guest of our Sovereign, it will be as the member of a fourfold alliance actively engaged in war with Russia. Sardinia has set an example to the minor states of Europe, which shows that free institutions and a spirited foreign policy are naturally connected. Wherever real freedom, real civilization is strong enough to express itself, there we may fairly look for allies

in such a cause against such a foe. What Prussia will eventually do, we do not profess to foresee. Her destiny will of course depend upon her action; and it is for her statesmen and thinkers to settle the question with the besotted faction that hems round the throne, and prevents the popular will from acting on the Sovereign, who is not a bad man but only a weak king. For England, France, and Austria, they will commence the final stage of the drama with purposes cleared at last from all hesitation and all doubt. This service the Conference will have performed. What indefinite results may accrue from their alliance for the cause of liberty and freedom of thought throughout Europe, for the reconstitution of effective barriers against Russian aggression, for the redistribution of the territories of Europe—it would be premature to guess. But all calculation must be set at naught, all reason confounded, if such Powers cannot, in a righteous and unselfish cause carry their purposes into execution. The Easter that sees this alliance of interest and sympathy ripen into an alliance of action, will be memorable among the sacred anniversaries of a far distant future rejoicing in its results.

A DISCOVERY interesting to archaeologists and historians has just been made in the village of St. Leger (Pas-de-Calais). M. Dussillon, an architect, while having a well bored near a chateau which he is building on the estate of the Count d'Aoust, discovered, at a depth of about twenty yards below the surface, a large excavation, which led to a long and extensive gallery, on either side of which was a range of twenty-six rooms, paved with a kind of hard cement. According to a work published in 1815, by General de La-chaise, prefect of Pas-de-Calais, these vast subterranean passages are not less than 1,000 yards in length; but since 1789, the entrance to them was lost, and it is only now that by chance the excavations have been again discovered. During the long wars of the League, they served as a place of refuge for the peasants, who frequently retired into them, with their families, furniture, and cattle. Very large thigh bones of horses, the bones of the heads of sheep, and iron spoons and forks, have been found there. An old chateau in the neighborhood having been inhabited in the 16th century by a reigning Princess of Schwarzenberg, and other personages of distinction, it is probable that subsequent searches may lead to discoveries very valuable to antiquaries.

TELEGRAPHING THROUGH WATER, NOT A RECENT DISCOVERY.—Dr. Franklin, in 1748, thus wrote to his friend Peter Collinson of London.

"Chagrined a little that we have hitherto been able to produce nothing in this way of use to mankind, and the hot weather coming on when electrical experiments are not so agreeable, it is proposed to put an end to them for the season,

somewhat humorously, in a party of pleasure on the banks of the Schuylkill. Spirits at the same time are to be fired by a *spark sent from side to side through the river without any other conductor than the water; an experiment which we some time since performed to the amazement of many.* A turkey is to be killed for our dinner by the electric shock, and roasted by the electric jack, before a fire kindled by the electrified bottle; when the health of all the famous electricians of England, Holland, France, and Germany, are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under a discharge of guns from the electrical battery."

"Professor Morse, we have understood, made similar successful experiments nine years ago in communicating across the Susquehanna River, and has been for some time prosecuting experiments with the view of forming a telegraphic communication between the United States and Great Britain."—*Vide Washington Intelligencer*, Oct. 5, 1854.—*Notes and Queries*.

MY OWN GARDEN; or the Young Gardener's Year-Book. By Mrs. Loudon, Author of "The Ladies' Companion to the Flower-Garden," etc.

A good idea well executed. The first object of *My Own Garden* is to admonish parents to grant a proper plot of ground to little folk, and not let the gardener fob them off with some damp overshadowed spot, where nothing will grow nicely, and where the young gardeners will catch cold. The land being obtained, Mrs. Loudon proceeds to instruct her readers how to lay it out, what to do in each month, and what to cultivate throughout the year. Four wood-cuts exhibit groups of the best flowers for the four seasons, and the last chapter contains lists of the most available plants.—*Spectator*.

From The Spectator.

## BISHOP COLENSO'S TEN WEEKS IN NATAL.\*

THIS volume is the narrative of a preliminary visitation of his diocese by Dr. Colenso, to examine the ecclesiastical condition of the province, and to make acquaintance with men and things previously to taking up his permanent residence. It was ten weeks well employed in preaching, catechizing, confirming, and administering other spiritual offices throughout the more settled parts of Natal—in visiting native chiefs, and conversing with less distinguished Kafirs, in order to smooth the way for systematic educational and missionary attempts, and in sketching a plan for a college, a cathedral, and other matters connected with education and the church, so far as the funds will permit the plans to be carried out.

The narrative is a plain unaffected account of a good deal of rough riding and personal adventures of a slight kind, intermixed with sketches of civilized people thrown back upon a primitive state of life, from which they are slowly emerging. There are favorable pictures of the colony as a field for emigration, and many notices of the Kafirs; of whose qualities the Bishop entertains a better opinion than many other persons. The features which raise the book above the common narratives of colonial travel arise from the religious character and scholarly acquirements of the Bishop himself. He appears to be a man of largely catholic feelings, who, regretting what he deems error in the various denominations from the Independent to the Romanist, can thoroughly appreciate all that is good. He looks at the native with a more philosophical eye than has been usual. The Bishop is quite as religiously disposed as the Missionaries in general, but with a larger and more penetrating ken. The difficulties of translating theological or religious ideas into a language that has no equivalent words, for the reason that the people have no equivalent thoughts, has often been observed upon. The early missionaries assumed that this was the case with the native South Africans as regarded the word "God," and used a Hottentot term to express the Creator and Disposer of all things. This word appears in all the translations of the Bible, though it convey no meaning to the Kafir mind. After many inquiries, the Bishop satisfied himself that the Kafirs really had two terms analogous to the words "Elohim" and "Jehovah." The investiga-

tion is pursued through many more discussions with natives than we can find room for; but we quote one or two. This was the first occasion when the question was mooted among rather advanced converts at a station near Maritzburg.

After a while, we got into pretty general talk on Missionary matters—the Kafirs always observing the admirable law of never speaking two at a time. I found, as I had been led to expect by Mr. Allison, that his people were unanimous in their disapproval of the word for God, now commonly in use among the Missionaries—*uTixo*,—which, they said, "had no meaning whatever for the Kafirs. They used it because they found it in their Bibles; but it was not a word of their language at all." "The proper word for God was *iTongo*, which meant with them a Power of Universal Influence—a Being under whom all around were placed." "For instance," said one, "if we were going on an expedition, we should, in ordinary circumstances, have trusted to our household gods, which we call *amaHlose*; but if some unusual danger of the desert threatened us, or if a violent storm terrified us, we should throw these away, and trust in *iTongo*. All the Kafir tribes, whether on the frontier or to the North, would understand *iTongo*; but the latter would have no idea whatever of what was meant by a *uTixo*, though the former are now used to it through the Missionaries."

This assertion did not turn out to be correct; as the Bishop tested in numerous instances.

The true words for the Deity in the Kafir language—at least in all this part of Africa—are *umKulunkulu*, literally, The Great-Great One = The Almighty, and *umVlingange*, literally, The First Comer-out = The First Essence, or, rather, Existence. It will be seen, as my narrative proceeds, that in every instance, whether in the heathen kraal, amidst the wildest of savages, or in the Missionary station, in the presence of the teacher, who was himself surprised at the result, my inquiries led me invariably to the same point—namely, that these words have been familiar to them from their childhood, as names for Him "who created them and all things," and as traces of a religious knowledge, which, however originally derived, their ancestors possessed long before the arrival of missionaries, and have handed down to the present generation. The amount of unnecessary hinderance to the reception of the Gospel which must be caused by forcing upon them an entirely new name for the Supreme Being, without distinctly connecting it with their own two names, will be obvious to any thoughtful mind. It must make a kind of chasm between their old life and the new one to which they are invited; and it must be long before they can become able as it were to bridge over the gulf, and make out for themselves, that this strange name, which is preached to them, is only the White man's name for the same Great Being of whom they have heard their fathers and moth-

\* Ten Weeks in Natal. A Journal of a first Tour of Visitation among the Colonists and Zulu Kafirs of Natal. By John William Colenso, D. D., Lord Bishop of the Diocese. Published by Macmillan, Cambridge.



ers speak in their childhood. This evil, it will be seen, has been felt both by the American and Norwegian missionaries.

This argument is sensible, and we think conclusive, if properly expounded by a missionary with a sufficient knowledge of the language to enforce the fact that the preacher has come not to introduce novelties, but to develop the germ of a faith of which they have glimpses already. It is similar to Paul's discourse on the text of the Unknown God. On the other hand, it may be argued, that if the teacher cannot explain the idea clearly, he is running the risk of doing what the Romanists are charged with doing, allowing Christianity to be adapted to the superstitions of the heathen in order to tempt converts.

Another difficulty is polygamy, where the practice is established and conveys no moral stigma to the native mind. Protestant missionaries, we believe, almost universally require the repudiation of every wife except one, notwithstanding the wretchedness which they admit it produces. The Bishop objects to this repudiation. He would allow church membership, but not church office, to a native who had married two wives *before* his conversion, but not afterwards. The case arose out of a conversation with Mr. Posselt, a missionary from Berlin.

We had a conversation upon the much-vexed and difficult question of the treatment of polygamy among Christian converts from heathenism. The most painful case, Mr. Posselt told me, which he had ever had before him, was that of a young man, who had two wives, both of whom he loved, and both loved him. The man wished to be baptized, and so did one of the wives, the other not. As the two converts gave evident signs of their sincerity, he said, he knew not what to do, but at length decided to marry them. "The word of God was sharper," he thought, "than any two-edged sword." He "could not, with the examples of the holy men of old, enforce separation, as if polygamy were in itself sinful." But he "set before them the Lord's will: one husband, one wife, and the order of the Church;" and then said, that, "though, for the present necessity, their state was permitted, yet it was not sanctioned by Christianity; and he hoped the good Lord would teach them what to do in the matter." The two, accordingly, were baptized, and admitted to holy communion. But the man's mind, after his pastor's words, was uneasy; the congregation complained of his being allowed to have two wives; and the baptized wife threatened to leave him if he did not put the other away. At last he did so: but the poor woman bitterly felt the separation; for "she loved him best," his mother said, "and was the most dutiful daughter to her;" and she came to the missionary, with tears in her eyes, to say, "You have not only taken my husband from me, but you have taken my child also;" which by law became the property of the father.

I must confess that I feel very strongly on this point, that the usual practice of enforcing the separation of wives from their husbands upon their conversion to Christianity is quite unwarrantable, and opposed to the plain teaching of our Lord. It is putting new wine into old bottles, and placing a stumbling-block, which He has not set, directly in the way of their receiving the gospel. Suppose a Kafirman advanced in years, with three or four wives, as is common among them, who have been legally married to him according to the practice of their land, (and the Kafir laws are very strict on this point, and Kafir wives perfectly chaste and virtuous,) have lived with him for thirty years or more, have borne him children, and served him faithfully and affectionately, (as, undoubtedly, many of these poor creatures do,) what right have we to require this man to cast off his wives, and cause them, in the eyes of all their people, to commit adultery, because he becomes a Christian? What is to become of their children? Who is to have the care of them? And what is the use of our reading to them the Bible stories of Abraham, Israel, and David, with their many wives? I have hitherto sought in vain for any decisive Church authority on the subject. Meanwhile it is a matter of *instant* urgency in our missions, and must be decided without delay in one way or other.

It would appear, however, from the objections in the text, that it is not merely the parties or the clergy who can settle the question; the congregation at large have something to say to it. Neither can those who take up the cross avoid the weight of the burden.

Besides a good deal of interesting investigation on subjects similar to what we have touched upon, the reader will find many anecdotes illustrative of the customs and character—especially of the honesty and gratitude—of the Kafirs; encouraging information as to the advantages and prospects of Natal to the intending settler, and a good deal of interesting miscellaneous matter. The whole is presented in a cheerful, unpretending manner, though sometimes pushed into more than sufficient detail.

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LETTERS from Weimar state that the literary committee engaged in investigating the forgery and sale of autographs attributed to Goethe and Schiller, have received from various parts of Germany 12,000 manuscripts, the owners of which distrust their genuineness. A young man, one of the attendants of the Grand Ducal Library, and formerly a shoemaker, has been arrested, and confesses that for two years he has devoted himself most assiduously to meet the public demand for autographs of the poets at a reasonable rate. Arrests of vendors are going on in the Grand Duchy of Weimar, in Hanover, and in Prussia.

From The Spectator.

## OSBORNE'S SCUTARI AND ITS HOSPITALS.\*

As an exposition of the wretched state of things at Scutari, or of the suffering and death caused by the sluggish incapacity of the medical authorities, this volume is too late in the field; the evidence of the author himself, as well as of other witnesses, had substantially forestalled its information. Unless our memory deceives us, we had also read some of the remarks in the form of letters "to the editor." But the continuous personal narrative gives completeness to the facts and remarks of Mr. Osborne which they miss in the shape of question and answer or in fugitive letters. The pictorial illustrations, though not apparently drawn expressly to accompany the text, exhibit places or incidents it describes, and serve to realize the accounts. The most valuable is the view of the burial ground at Scutari with parts of the two great hospitals.

There are things in the volume of a fresher kind than the details of needless suffering patiently borne, or the really incomprehensible apathy of the principal Doctor and Purveyor. Mr. Osborne carries his reader to the bed-side of the declining or expiring soldier with the thoughts and memory of home upon his lips and in his heart. The writer has studied medicine and surgery not in theory only but practically. He looked at the terrible scenes around him with an eye in which compassion and other emotions did not overpower judgment. He notes some curious contrasts between the wounded, and men stricken down by dysentery, diarrhoea, or Varna fever; though he does not enter in the character of the disease. The account of the "war with nature" which the malaria of all those regions induces, from about Kalafat on the Danube to the Caspian Sea, has yet to be written. Let us hope there are men competent to give the world such an exposition of these diseases as the medical officers attached to Buxton's ill-fated expedition gave of the Niger fever. The symptoms appear different, but the general character—death from vital depression, often painless—is similar.

"I made friends of some of the orderlies, (every ward has one,) and got them, and also the Sisters in charge of my district, to give me when I met them intimation of such cases: this brought me a good deal into these wretched dysentery and fever wards, and many a sad scene did I witness there.

"This dysentery—diarrhoea—Varna fever—the men called it by all these names, was most fatal. I visited very few who recovered; indeed there was an appearance in by far the greater part of

\* Scutari and its Hospitals. By the Honorable and Reverend Sidney Godolphin Osborne. Published by Dickinson, Brothers.

them that seemed to exclude all hope of recovery. It appeared to have a most depressing effect: there was not much active pain, except in the cases which now and then a few hours before death took a form very similar to if not identical with cholera.

"There is a very marked difference between these diarrhoea patients and the simply wounded: the latter live in hope; even those most wounded with difficulty gave it up. The attendance necessarily given to their wounds by the surgeons kept up this feeling, until, if the wound was fatal, the very moment the last struggle came. I do not say that the old Varna fever cases could have profited from medicine and medical attendance; I certainly never saw much betowed upon them. I do firmly believe, however, that much might have been done for many of the diarrhoea cases; but I know at one time the medical men had not at their disposal the commonest drugs proper for their treatment. With the exception of the priests in attendance on the Catholic patients, and 'the Sisters' ministering to all, I seldom met any one in these wards while I continued to visit them.

"In this cruel scene of filthy neglect, I can with truth say I was never called to one dying man who uttered a single murmur against those who thus treated him and his comrades. They were fond of being read to, joined earnestly in prayer, were apparently very truthful in their answers as to their past lives, (very many had run away from home and enlisted under false names); few had I occasion to attend when dying who did not show the truest penitence, and gladly seek to cling to those hopes most of them had been taught in their youth, but which, alas! in many of their cases had now first to be realized.

"They dictated calmly the plain unobstinate tale they wished written to the parent, wife, or other relative at home: it told of suffering, without any complaint of it; it expressed the still strong affection they bore for those—this was the real pang—who they wished to know that they never could see them again. There was just the fact of the cause of their sickness, and then the homely expressed message of remembrance to 'all at home, all inquiring friends.'

"There was little else I could do for them: they said so, and gave a grateful pressure to the extended hand, (in one instance a fine dying fellow kissed it,) then—the 'God bless you, sir.' There was in some cases one means of calling up a look of earnest pleasure; it was when they were enabled from private funds at my disposal to send home small sums to their relatives: this seemed to come home to their very hearts, and gave more pleasure than any of the other means by which I endeavored to lighten the sad portion of this particular class of the sick.

"The effect of this disease (dysentery) upon the patient was very painful; it seemed to weigh down every energy of the mind as it day by day weakened every physical power. The poor fellows lay in their beds mere spectres; except to dictate a letter home, it was difficult to rouse them to anything. They were grateful for the nice

messes 'the Sisters' cooked for them, took what little medicine was ever offered them; but all was done in a state of apathy which showed life had become a very weariness. When the newspapers arrived and were distributed, it was distressing to watch the interest with which all the wounded listened to and read 'Alma' again and again; whilst the diarrhoea patients seemed scarcely willing to turn in their beds, to listen to a word of that which so interested their wounded comrades."

Here is a singular instance of the effect of habit and discipline.

"Chloroform was always used, and it appeared to me with the greatest success; which I attribute a good deal to the practice of using it on a handkerchief held lightly to the face, instead of the plan I have seen elsewhere of using some instrument, which, whilst it secured the inhalation of the anæsthetic, excluded too much of the atmospheric air. I assisted at one very painful case, in which a branch of the femoral artery had to be taken up: there were great difficulties about it; so much so, that one of the best surgeons there did not seem to me to like to attempt it: it was, however, done by Dr. McIlray, assisted by some others. I am afraid to say the length of time the patient was under the influence of chloroform; his head was on my own knee the greater part of the time, and I had to keep up the administration of this inestimable agent: at last they succeeded in getting a ligature round the vessel. I was then left with one of the surgeons to try and recover him from the torpor, under which he had without pain borne a most severe application of the knife, etc. Our only hope, from the quantity of blood he had lost, was to get some stimulant taken as soon as we could: in vain we tried every means of rousing him; the pulsation of the heart was so weak, his whole appearance such, I had begun to despair. As a last resort, I found out his name, and had him sharply spoken to by it: so strong was the force of habit, that he made just sufficient effort to waken to enable us to order him to drink the wine we gave him: keeping up the same sharp military tone of voice, we got more and more swallowed, and he soon recovered: I saw him some days after doing well."

Mr. Osborne speaks in the highest terms of the assistance rendered by Miss Nightingale and her coadjutors, and has some judicious observations on lady nurses and the more extensive employment of paid nurses. He draws a touching picture of the kindness shown by the officers to each other, and advises strongly against female relations going out to them.

"I may be wrong, but it is my honest opinion that, except where they have expressed a wish for their presence, the wounded officer in the hospital is in reality happier in the absence of female relatives: if they arrive in time to be of use, there is much in the way of their power to give all the aid and comfort they would desire;

their presence, I know well, often causes the greatest anxiety to those they come to nurse. If an officer is dying in the ward of an hospital, his relatives may rest assured all he expects of comfort, all he can desire of sympathy, is shown him by those about him. Where the wound has been severe, he has contemplated its probable end; so, too, have those who share the ward with him; they give him the soldier's true earthly comfort, the friendly sympathy of men who shared the danger with him, and now bear in their own persons proofs of what it cost them. Is he to die? it is amongst his brother officers, still in one of war's scenes: he left home to dare this fate; faces from home, alas! too often recall the sacrifice he made for the service he then undertook; they cannot alter the fact—he is an officer dying with the army on service; their presence brings the painful revival of so many a home feeling, adds so much to make that death still more trying, that I do sincerely doubt whether any joy from the greeting of the parent or the wife makes up in the pleasure it may afford for that calm which it certainly disturbs. In spiritual matters the chaplains are kind and attentive to him; in all other matters his brother officers in their manly sympathy offer all he requires. The dying officer does not forget home, or undervalue its call upon his heart; he is the son, the husband, or the brother; but as the soldier in service, he knows that living or dying service must separate him from his relatives.

"I was at the funeral of an officer of high rank whose wife we knew was expected every hour from England. I was present with others—one a very young wife—when we consulted how we should break to a lady in the next ward the death of her husband; within two hours, that young wife knew herself also to be a widow. Other circumstances of an equally distressing nature came to my notice: it is true there were plenty to sympathize with the mourners; but amidst such scenes, in that country, where at the best of times a lady finds daily life to be daily trial. I ever felt how well it would have been if the love that hurried these relatives to nurse their wounded or their sick could have at any cost been restrained and they had awaited the issue at home."

It is a thing worth noting that the severest sufferings have taken place in the "Army" proper—that branch of the service under the control of the Horse Guards. We learn from casual notices in the newspaper correspondence, and from evidence before the Parliamentary Committee, that the Artillery was well cared for in food and clothes, and their horses better provided for than the horses of the Cavalry. Two successive despatches from Captain Lushington, not very long since, described the Naval Brigade as having respectively about five per cent and two-and-a-half per cent sick, and not a serious case among them! Care and foresight were displayed in the Naval Hospital at Constantinople. The Navy was not indeed exposed to such an influx of patients as was the case in the Army; but where means, provision, and power of com-

bination exist, number is merely a multiplication of the same processes.

"At Therapia, about twelve miles up the Bosphorus, is the Naval Hospital: I paid it a hasty visit. It is small, but as yet quite large enough for its purpose. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness, comfort, and order which appeared to prevail. The naval authorities had taken care to commence preparations here as early, I believe, as April. The patients were as happy as sailors ever are when sick and in bed; one poor fellow was in the act of dying; he was closely watched, and had every kind attention. An officer who had lately had a limb amputated, although he was in much pain and some danger, had every comfort the best hospital in England

could have afforded. The ventilation seemed good, and there were ample means of securing warmth. I saw here none of that confusion and resort to temporary expedients which so prevailed at Scutari. I satisfied myself that the relatives of those who are employed in the Navy in the East need be under no apprehension that in the event of sickness or wounds they will not be well cared for in every respect. There were plenty of books and newspapers; indeed, I could not find from the medical officer that there had been any difficulty in obtaining everything desirable for the proper treatment and comfort of the patients. He expressed to me a wish that one or two nurses should be appointed to the establishment; and I have reason to believe that this was done within a few days of my visit."

From The Spectator.

#### M'CULLOCH'S LIFE OF ADAM SMITH.\*

THE leading events in the life of Adam Smith are well known: such as the offices he filled and the dates of his publications. Some particulars of his habits and peculiarities have been preserved; and the features of his social, moral, and intellectual character, have been fully presented by his friend Dugald Stewart. The minute traits of familiar manners, "the happier hour of social pleasure," have escaped record, and are now beyond recall: various anecdotes of traditional gossip have indeed been preserved by Scott (in the *Quarterly Review*), but the present biographer deems them apocryphal, and shows that the most specific in its particulars is impossible according to the laws of time and space. This neglect cannot be attributed to the slow growth of the philosopher's celebrity; for if he was not the authority in his own day which he is in ours when practical success has crowned his doctrine, he was famous even among his contemporaries. His first work, the *Moral Sentiments*, established his reputation; the *Wealth of Nations*, unattractive as was its title, and opposed as were its conclusions to popular prejudices, at once commanded attention, and from some of the most comprehensive and largely practical minds assent. Part of the deficient delineation must be ascribed to the want of a biographer—"he had no Boszy;" part to the general state of opinion, which inclined too much to the formal and artificial. Dugald Stewart evidently intended to convey the minutest characteristics of his friend; but he lost the markings in measured finishing, and presented him too much in company costume.

The present life is founded on the biographer's sketch of Smith prefixed to M'Culloch's edition of the *Wealth of Nations*. Indeed it is the same work, with various additions, that, like the last touches of a painter, give more of a living spirit to the composition. This additional matter is drawn from various sources. Some of it has been gleaned from books which have little or no relation to Adam Smith; other matter has been as it were hunted out, such as the two letters published for the first time; other, again, originates in what Father Newman would call development. The germ of the thought might be found in the introductory memoir, but it is now expanded to fulness and force; the idea was in the former work, it is now filled up. It should be observed that the additions or extensions are biographical. They go to complete the portrait of Adam Smith, or to correct or illustrate something connected with him. This story from Boswell, with the neat little comment, is an instance:—

According to Boswell, Smith once told Sir Joshua Reynolds "that he made it a rule, when in company, never to talk of what he understood." ("Boswell's Johnson," by Croker, 8vo., p. 662.) But, if ever made, this must have been a mere jocular assertion, and doubtless was so understood by Reynolds. Boswell, however, takes it in its literal sense, and explains it by saying that it proceeded from Smith having "book-making much in his thoughts," and being "chary of what might be turned to account in that way." But though sufficiently characteristic of Boswell, nothing can be more opposed than this statement to all that is known of Smith. It may be safely affirmed, that no great author ever less deserved to be twitted with book-making than he did. And the notion that his conversation was influenced by a regard to his prospective interests in that rather humble occupation, is so inexpressibly mean and absurd, that one is surprised at its having occurred even to Boswell.

\* Sketch of the Life and Writings of Adam Smith, LL.D. Edinburgh, 1855.



The notice of the great political economist, as it now stands, is an excellent specimen of biography; clear, close, well-arranged, and never quitting the subject to indulge in disquisitions merely relating to the theme but not essential to it. It is Adam Smith and nothing more. Critical observations are introduced when the narrative reaches the publication of Smith's two great works, and a general estimate of his literary, philosophical, and personal character is inserted; but these are brief, possibly rather too brief. The reason for this apparently is, that the general characteristics of the *Wealth of Nations* formed a distinct notice in the work for which the original sketch was designed.

Although the more personal traits of Adam Smith have escaped delineation, sufficient account of his life is preserved to indicate the circumstances that gave rise to his great works, and the manner of their production. Much of his excellence, and indeed that which separates him from all other economists, was a natural gift, that no labor or study could have attained. The *Wealth of Nations* is not a dry logical treatise, to whose conclusions we assent as we do to the working of a mathematical problem or a sum in arithmetic, but which we care not to return to. It is a living commentary on history and the complex industries of man, the result of varied knowledge of books and close observation of life; so that even when the author's deductions are erroneous, (which, we conceive, is not so often as the modern economists of the abstract school assert,) the reader is well repaid by the useful truths he gathers as he goes along, and the agreeable company of his guide. This power, together with Smith's comprehensive mind and wonderful sagacity, are inherent qualities, that cultivation might improve but could never impart. This cultivation can be traced. He went to Oxford about 1740, at the age of seventeen, and remained till 1747; his time, when not engaged in the routine study prescribed by the University, was employed on history, philosophy, and the belles lettres. In 1748, he was persuaded by Lord Kamès to give a course of lectures at Edinburgh on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres; which he subsequently continued for two more seasons. In 1751 he was elected Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow, and in the next year was placed in the chair of Moral Philosophy. The lectures which he delivered in consequence of this appointment, were on a very extensive plan,—embracing Theology; Ethics, which he subsequently published as the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*; Jurisprudence, which he intended to publish, but not having finished to his own satisfaction, he destroyed with other papers just before his death. The fourth part consisted substantially of the *Wealth of Nations*,

involving the question not of justice but expediency; and treated of things which are calculated to increase the riches, the power, and the prosperity of a state. These lectures he continued for twelve years; reviewing the subject annually, and so far as trade and commerce were concerned, availing himself of the opportunities that a city like Glasgow afforded for accumulating information and discussing his opinions. In 1764 he went to France and Geneva as travelling-tutor to the young Duke of Buccleuch; which expanded his views of society and life—perhaps added to his commercial facts. In 1766 he returned; and for ten years chiefly resided at Kirkcaldy, his birthplace, engaged in the composition of his great work. The *Wealth of Nations* appeared in 1776; the result of a quarter of a century's consideration, of the actual employment of ten years, and of a lifelong acquisition of the art necessary to shape and enrich the facts and philosophy. "Such is the labor of those who write for immortality."

Adam Smith's mode of composition was by dictation; to which has been attributed the fulness not to say exuberance of his style. He must have very carefully prepared or revised his writings; and probably he did both. Mr. McCulloch says: "Notwithstanding the apparent flow and artlessness of his style, and his great experience in composition, Smith stated not long before his death, that he continued to compose [finish?] as slowly and with as great difficulty as at first."

His personal oddities are asserted on all hands. He was in the habit of talking to himself; his absence of mind was remarkable; and in society he often indulged in rash and hasty judgments upon persons. He was considered to be unqualified for particular business. According to Dugald Stewart "he was certainly not fitted for the general commerce of the world, or for the business of active life." It may be doubted whether the views of him were not to some extent exaggerated, or grounded in misapprehension; just as we are told that Dryden and Addison could not talk at all; and that Goldsmith (in Garrick's opinion) "talked like poor Poll." Smith's sagacity and judgment in the commonest affairs of life are continually shown in his works. In the following letter, now printed for the first time, and addressed to Hume about two months before his death, Smith displays a practical soundness of advice which many physicians could not attain, and that on a subject that does not, so far as is known, seem particularly to have engaged his attention.

*My Dear Friend:*—I am very sorry to learn by Mr. Strahan that the Bath waters have not agreed with you for some time, so well as they appeared to do at first. You have found one medicine which has agreed with you,—travelling

and change of air. I would continue, if I were you, during the continuance of the fine season, the constant application of that medicine, without troubling myself with any other, and would spend the autumn in sauntering through all the different corners of England, without halting above two or three days in any one place. If before the month of October you do not find yourself thoroughly re-established, you may then think of changing this cold climate for a better, and of visiting the venerable remains of ancient and modern arts that are to be seen about Rome and the kingdom of Naples. A mineral water is as real a drug as any that comes out of the apothecaries' shop. It produces the same violent effects upon the body. It occasions a real disease, though a transitory one, over and above that which nature occasions. If the new disease is not so hostile to the old one as to contribute to expel it, it necessarily weakens the power which Nature might otherwise have to expel it. Change of air and moderate exercise occasion no new disease; they only moderate the hurtful effects of any lingering disease that may be lurking in the constitution, and thereby preserve the body in as good order as it is capable of being, during the continuance of that morbid state. They do not weaken, but invigorate the power of Nature to expel the disease. I reckon it probable that the Bath waters never agreed with you, but that the good effects of your journey not being spent when you began to use them, you continued for some time to recover, not by means of them, but in spite of them. Is it probable that the Buxton waters will do you more good? The prescription supposed most likely to do good is always given first. If it fails,—which it does nine times in ten,—the second is surely likely to fail ninety-nine times in a hundred.

The journey to Buxton, however, may be of great use to you; but I would be sparing in the use of the water.

I am greatly obliged to you for your letter, and for the unlimited confidence which you repose in me. If I should have the misfortune to survive you, you may depend upon my taking every possible measure which may prevent anything from being lost which you wish should be preserved.

I ever am, my dearest friend,

Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

ADAM SMITH.

Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, 16 June, 1776.

I go to Edinburgh the day after to-morrow; and it will be some weeks before I return to this town. I will therefore beg of you to direct to me to the care of Mr. John Balfour, bookseller.

To David Hume, Esq.

Though bearing an Edinburgh imprint, the title-page is without the name of publisher or author's name; and the slender volume is evidently printed for private circulation. The authorship is established, not only by the fundamental resemblance to the introductory memoir to Mr. McCulloch's edition of the *Wealth of Nations*, but by the references in notes at pages 17, 20, and 24. The Sketch is illustrated by the profile of Smith after Tassie's medallion, a very animated full-length by Kay, and a vignette of the monument to his memory in the Canongate Churchyard. There is also a fac-simile of a second original letter, in a plain and legible hand, with a peculiarity in the form of the capital I.

From The Spectator, 7 April.

#### THE ARMISTICE AT VIENNA.

It is difficult to suppose that Russia can gain any new lights by the interval of time accorded to her in the adjournment of the Conference until the 9th of this month. They tell us that the Conference is only suspended in order that the Russian Plenipotentiaries should have time to receive fresh instructions; but the Conference came to a stand respecting the third point on the 27th of March. The reference was made to the several Governments at once; not only a fresh instruction but a fresh plenipotentiary has been sent out by the Western Powers; and the difference of distance is not so great in the case of Russia as to require several days' longer time for the same process. There must, then, be so many days' greater difficulty anticipated in reducing Russia to reason: and the question of the present week is, whether those additional days will suffice for bringing her up to the rational standard. Now, that she will persevere if she can, is evident; that she can estimate the degree of the necessity pressed upon her, we have no reason to believe. From

her point of view it is morally impossible that she can rightly estimate the change that has taken place in the opinion of Europe and in the relations of the chief powers. Even in this country we have been very slow to admit the belief that France and Austria were sincere in co-operating with England; although there are strong grounds for reckoning that the new opinions upon which these countries are acting are sincere and powerful. It is remarkable that the main calculation which guides them at present is that which was not unforeseen in 1815—the union of Russia and Prussia in aggrandizing projects towards Turkey and Germany respectively; but that consideration, which was distinctly recognized by several statesmen then, was set aside, and, Russia was established as the protector of Europe. A quarter of a century's experience has induced the three greatest states of civilized Europe to revise the practical conclusions at which they in 1815 arrived; and when, after so long a lapse of time, a rejected opinion is deliberately accepted, when three states so different all agree in the acceptance, and when they give so many pledges for the genuine character of their conviction, it must

be accounted that they are not acting upon the passing motives which are called statecraft, or upon party projects within their several Cabinets accidentally harmonizing, but that they are all obeying some great and general law. We have the stronger reason to believe in the alliance between Austria, France, and England, since the other measures that the Continental Powers are taking coincide with the supposition of their permanently adopting the views which are the basis of the alliance.

But how could this evidence of the reality of the alliance come home to the Russian mind? The experience of Russia in alliances has always been that an ally could be bought off by larger promises. Alexander, Frederick William, Napoleon, and the other crowned rivals of the Continent, only competed in bidding for each other; and Prussia showed how readily a respectable monarch could pass from one side to the other, and back again, according to his calculations of profit. Alliance was the royal form of stockjobbing. If Russia has made any progress since that day, she has failed to show it. The whole state is still to a great extent in tutelage to its Czar; and although it is possible that full information upon all subjects of the known sciences may be found in St. Petersburg at the present day, that knowledge is not diffused throughout the people, nor is it accepted as a general motive of social or political action. Russia is as exclusive now as she was a quarter of a century ago; she is as false now as she was then; so far as we can judge her by her public acts, her motives, objects, and courses of action, are exactly the same as they have been for the last hundred years or more. It is only her means and appliances that change with the advance of time. Such being her own condition, she must still regard alliances as nothing but a bidding for accomplices. And why should she respect the present combination of Austria, France and England, when she is incapable of understanding the laws which create and regulate it?

It is not in the councils that prevail at St. Petersburg which we find the real subject of danger; but it is in the *nature* of Russia, as a nation, or as a system. In modern times she is the only instance of an inferior nation extending herself by conquest, and in all time there have been few such instances. Rome subdued other states to her sword, and retained them as captive provinces; but she carried with her a civilization for the time the first in the world. The Crusades extended a blessed faith; and with their creed the Mussulmans also carried a higher civilization to inferior peoples. It is the same with France and England. We object to the propensity of the United States for appropriation, and yet we cannot deny that every acquisition made by that republic has been attended by a rise in the political and economical condition of the state "annexed." There is one forewarning parallel to the march of Russia in the Goths and Huns, whose conquests were succeeded by "dark ages." Policy, the motives for peace, the balance of power, the welfare of nations—none of these things could have been weighed in the councils of the Goths or Huns, for they were not culti-

vated to a higher condition than that of great physical vigor and irregular military organization, with the accompanying love of appropriation. We cannot, therefore, expect that Europe will be rescued by a wisdom of forbearance in Russia. Out of that power we shall get only what we take. If in terms she agree to the peace now proposed, without altering her relative position to the rest of the Continent, we know beforehand that her concurrence will only be more delusive and dangerous than her refusal.

From the Examiner, 24 March.

#### THE DIFFICULTY IN CUBA.

AT the moment when Europe is scandalized by the publication of the Ostend Conference to the American Government, recommending the purchase of Cuba from Spain, or else—, very little of either principle or wisdom marks the policy of the Captain-General of Cuba, or the debates of the Madrid Cortes, on the important question of how that island is to be maintained in continued allegiance to the mother country. A formidable conspiracy has just been discovered there; a conspiracy not like those of western Europe, where turbulent spirits plot, and, in raising the standard of insurrection, look for support from the numbers and passions of those they can best inflame. The conspirators of Cuba were not enlisted among the uneasy classes, nor did they reckon for success upon the negro, or the poor. Their chief was one of the wealthiest planters of the Havana, and it was in his own community the conspiracy was hatched. It is the aristocracy of the island which conspires against the Spanish crown, and seeks for its own profit to cut the connection asunder.

Seeing this, the Captain-General has written home, that apart from the question of severity towards individual culprits, the class of planters must nevertheless be conciliated; that more freedom and privileges must be granted to them; and that, above all, the permanence of property in slaves must be declared unshaken and unchangeable. Accordingly, we find the Spanish Ministers in the Cortes echoing these sentiments; and the liberal senator Olozaga himself comes forward with a motion that slavery must never be interfered with, whether for mitigation or abolition.

All this is as mean as it is impolitic. It is not by relying on the planters alone, and sacrificing everything, even eternal principles of right and freedom, to them, that Cuba is to be preserved to the Spanish crown or the Spanish people. On the contrary, by ameliorating the condition of the negro, by befriending that race, by offering it hopes of future emancipation, the Spanish government would raise up a power able to defy both Cuban planters and American sympathizers. The only class in Cuba that must in every conceivable case remain hostile to the Anglo-American is that of the negro and the creole. These must know that annexation to the United States, under any conditions and in every form, will bring degradation and slavery for them. The boasted freedom offered by the Union may be freedom for the planters, and more than freedom; but for the *non-European* it

is tyranny of the blackest and most hopeless kind, social, political, physical, and religious.

In regard to the interests of this planter-class, moreover, be it always kept in mind that the Government of Spain can never hope to do what the Government of Washington can do. Spain draws two millions sterling of revenue annually from Cuba, and of course out of the pockets of the planters: but their taxation, as a state of the Union, would be comparatively small. Their power and influence are at present kept under subjection, if not annihilated, by the authority of the Captain-General; but as an annexed state, the planters would be predominant. In neither case can they hope to import any more slaves from Africa; but if they become a state of the Union, they may purchase the stout negro reared in Indiana or Kentucky. There is, however another view of the subject. The trade of Cuba with the United States is five times its trade with Spain: it consists of all that is indispensable to Cuban consumption, but it is sorely clogged both by import and export duty. Here, therefore, a manifest good policy presents itself to the Spanish Government. It ought at once to reform its tariffs, and place them on such a footing that the Cubans would have less to gain by getting rid of the Spanish fiscal system, and coming under that of the United States. If too, at the same time, an emancipated, or semi-emancipated class of negro, were created to profit by the cheapness and the prosperity consequent upon such measures, Spain and its trade would no longer want a host of defenders in Cuba. For the present, it depends for its hold of the island upon the vigilance of its Captain-General, and the fidelity of its soldiers. These may not be always proof against the unscrupulous greed of the Americans, even if the Government of Washington should take no extreme part at present in any scheme of conquest.

But are present circumstances such as to exclude grave apprehension, even on the latter point? A band of American filibusters, already upon the seas when the plot was discovered, will have reached their destination, and have landed, before they were warned of the failure of that portion of the enterprise which depended on the Cubans. Once landed, it is feared that Captain-General Conecha will be down upon them, and will show them the same scant mercy which was shown to Lopez. The American Government will then be provided with a grievance; and if General Pierce should deem the Governments and fleets of France and England too deeply engaged in the Black and Baltic Seas to think of succoring Cuba, it is quite within reach of possibility that the report of the Ostend Conference may be acted on, and the step of making common cause with the discomfited corsairs, by sending a force for retaliating upon General Conecha, and perhaps for reducing the island, may become sufficiently popular to force itself upon Mr. Pierce's not very reluctant Cabinet.

The contingency of the Western allies looking quietly on must not however be too hastily assumed. France and England have on a previous occasion spoken frankly at Washington as to

what would be their duty were Cuba wantonly invaded; and at that time the Emperor Napoleon observed that the alliance between France and England extended westward as well as eastward. And though it would be unfortunate indeed if, in the belief that we have a duty to prevent aggression, and protect weak states from spoliation, we should be called upon to perform such duty in both hemispheres at once, let not the American Government too hastily infer that its act of aggression would be safe. Meantime the Spanish Cortes, instead of confining their cares to the conciliation of the planters who have conspired against them, might do better, we think, so to deal out justice to all subjects of the Spanish Crown in Cuba, that it should no longer have to depend for allegiance and defence upon merely one class, and that the least numerous and most selfish.

From *The Examiner*, 31 March.

### AN ARMY OF NAVVIES.

At the rate at which things progress, army reform promises to be a quite superfluous topic; and this for the same reason that makes it superlatively idle for Messrs. Bright and Cobden to theorize and perorate in the abstract against war, or other evils affecting humanity.

The fact is that the war itself, and those who at present wage it, are doing more to render war impossible in the way in which it is now carried on, than all the peace parties in the world. The present war will be remarkable when men come to study it, as the most expensive ever waged. We have been calculating, but are afraid and ashamed to say, what each soldier has cost us. Take twenty millions of expenses,—five millions of transport alone,—compare these with the number of men, and let any one bethink him.

Nor is the increase confined to England. Russia has sent her soldiers into the field more lavishly provided than ever they were before. The expense in men, material, and transport, for the defence of Sebastopol, must have been quite as monstrous in amount as that entailed by the assault. As for the French Government, it has been continually increasing the pay of the soldier, the expense of his maintenance, and the cost of its military establishment. And all Germany, we need hardly add, will be overwhelmed with taxes to keep up even its state of armed and shabby neutrality.

The last piece of news of the activity of our own war department is its reported engagement of a large additional corps of navvies, between two and three thousand, to proceed to the Crimea and do trench work. The railway division have done their work so efficiently, that the system is to be followed up and extended; and works and parallels are to be thrown up by workmen not in uniform, superintended by their own civil engineer. Plenty of men are found willing to go; but the anomaly is, that these men are to be paid five and six times as much as the soldier; while the engineer who goes out with them will have to be remunerated at a far higher rate than a general of brigade.

Here, then, we are to have an army of enre-



gimented workmen, directed by their own officers, their Captains of Industry, as Mr. Carlyle would call them, each getting so much better pay than the corresponding soldier and the officer, and moreover, infinitely better cared for and fed; for the contractors will keep their navvies on beef and porter, under good huts and blankets, while the soldier continues to munch his salt pork and unboiled peas. But can this relative position of the diggers and delvers of a camp, and of the fighting portion of it, continue? Surely it must lead to such comparison, discontent, and ill-will, that soldiers, if not allowed to turn navvies, will be in danger of finding their uniforms very irksome to them. On the other hand, if Government were obliged to pay for fighting, heroism, and military discipline in anything like the same proportion as they pay for turning up the earth, the result would be that army estimates must soon swallow up our whole budget. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has already reached the sum of forty millions. Pay soldiers like navvies, and officers like civil engineers, and with what figures shall we multiply the forty? We state the difficulty without by any means the ability to state the remedy for it. To allow the soldier to continue to starve on his shilling a day, or its value in salt pork and green coffee, will certainly not mend matters.

Six months ago people laughed at the first mention of war by contract. It is now no laughing matter; it is becoming a reality; we are beginning to do all but the fighting part of war by contract. And who shall say that even some of the fighting we must not in the same manner necessarily do? Surely a man working with a pick-axe in the trenches, exposed to shot and shell, is fighting as much as the soldier himself. Nay, from throwing up an entrenchment under an enemy's battery, to carrying that battery by assault, where is the difference? And suppose that the navvies so employed won't stand the shot and shell, but prefer making a dash at the Russians—a circumstance extremely probable, considering the pugnacious spirit of the Englishman—we shall have then another and more serious kind of rivalry between our armies civil and military.

The new system of making war by a force of half laborers and half soldiers may be the best possible step that could be taken, but we cannot be blind to the fact, that a great portion of the population of our camps will thus be getting quadruple pay, that soldiers will not be contented to undergo such a difference, and that altogether war is likely thus to become so expensive a proceeding that no extent of revenue will be able to stand it. Five hundred francs (£20.) for every foot soldier, and double that for every cavalry soldier, including hospitals, staff, and all other expenses, should meet the annual cost of an army, said the great Napoleon. We have left the great Napoleon's estimate far and far behind.

To the Editor of the Spectator.  
FEVER IN TRANSPORT SHIPS.

3, Mincing Lane, 4th April 1855.

SIR—Fever of a malignant character having broken out in some of the transports at Balakla-

va, I would feel obliged if you would again give publicity to the means so successfully used on board my screw-steamer Pleiad, in her late exploring expedition to the rivers Niger and Chad; so that the experience gained in the Delta of the Niger may be utilized in our operations in the East.

Mr. Hutchinson, the surgeon of the Pleiad, had the medical charge of her crew, and his remarks in the accompanying letter I commend to the attention of all owners of transports employed in the Black Sea.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
MACGREGOR LAIRD.

"3, Mincing Lane, London, 29th March 1855.

"Sir—In accordance with your request, I beg leave to submit to you the following suggestions for the preservation of health on board your steam transports in the Black Sea.

"Half a wineglassful of the medicated wine (containing four grains of sulphate of quinine) should be given to each member of the crew every morning, as soon as they come within sight of land either near Balaklava or Constantinople. Its administration ought to be continued as long as they are within range of the miasma generated there, and for three weeks after the ships leaving.

"The men on watch at night should have another half glassful when they are going on deck; and if any unpleasant odors from the shore are perceptible to the sense of smell, the dose should be given twice or thrice a day. Should accession of fever come on, and the service of no medical man can be procured, the sick men's head should be shaved, and the dose of quinine increased to a wineglassful every fourth hour. Whenever it is possible, the health of all on board is sure to be strengthened by giving them fresh meat and vegetables. I think the daily washing of decks is anything but conducive to the comfort and health of those who are on board; I therefore recommend that dry scraping the decks every day, and washing them once a week, be substituted instead.

"Sir William Burnett's chloride of zinc solution must be passed through the bilge-water once a week, and pumped out in the following manner—half-a-pint of the solution to be put down in a gallon of water a few hours previous to the operation of pumping, and a pint in two gallons of water after the pumping. This latter will serve as a corrective to the generation of foul smells in the bilge. If fever break out on board the ship, this ought to be done every day, and the deck sprinkled with the chloride of zinc solution after the weekly washing.

"By attention to these remedies and precautions, the health of the Pleiad's crew was preserved on her late exploring expedition of the rivers Niger, Tshadda, and Binué, during a period of four months, in what has hitherto been considered the most unhealthy portion of the globe; and I have no doubt equal success will result from their application in the transport service in the East.

"I have the honor to remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
"THOMAS J. HUTCHINSON,

Senior Surgeon to S. S. Pleiad.

"To Macgregor Laird, Esq."

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE MAN-MONKEY OF BRAZIL.

THE captain of the French schooner *Adrienne*, who last summer was stationed at Pernambuco, Brazil, gives us the following sketch of a tame monkey:—

A short time ago, I dined at a Brazilian merchant's. The conversation turned upon the well-tutored chimpanzee of Mr. Vanneck, a creole gentleman, whose slave had brought him the monkey, which he had caught in the wood. Every one praised the accomplished animal, giving accounts of its talents so wonderful, that I could not help expressing some incredulity. My host smiled, saying that I was not the first who would not believe in these results of animal education until he had seen it with his own eyes. He, therefore, proposed to me to call with him on Dr. Vanneck. I gladly consented, and on the following morning we set out. The house of the creole lies on the road to Olinda, about an hour's ride from town. We proceeded along splendid hedges of cactus, shaded by bananas and palm-trees, and at length observed the charming villa. A negro received us at the entrance, and took us to the parlor, hastening to tell his master of our visit. The first object which caught our attention was the Monkey, seated on a stool, and sewing with great industry. Much struck, I watched him attentively, while he, not paying any attention to us, proceeded with his work. The door opened, and Mr. Vanneck, reclining on an easy-chair, was wheeled in. Though his legs are paralyzed, he seemed bright and cheerful; he welcomed us most kindly. The monkey went on sewing with great zeal. I could not refrain from exclaiming: "How wonderful!" for the manner and processes of the animal were those of a practised tailor. He was sewing a pair of striped pantaloons, the narrow shape of which shewed that they were intended for himself.

A negro now appeared, announcing Madame Jasmin, whom Mr. Vanneck introduced as his neighbor. Madame Jasmin was accompanied by her little daughter, a girl of twelve years; who immediately ran to the monkey, greeting him as an old friend, and beginning to prattle with him. Jack furtively peeped at his master; but as Mr. Vanneck's glance was stern, the tailor went on sewing. Suddenly his thread broke; and he put the end to his mouth, smoothed it with his lips, twisted it with his left paw, and threaded the needle again. Mr. Vanneck then turned to him, and speaking in the same calm tone in which he had conversed with us: "Jack, put your work aside, and sweep the floor."

Jack hurried to the adjoining room, and came back without delay, a broom in his paw, and swept and dusted like a clever housemaid. I could now perfectly make out his size, as he always walked upright, not on his four hands. He was about three feet in height, but stooped a little. He was clad in linen pantaloons, a colored shirt, a jacket, and a red neckerchief. At another hint from his master, Jack went and brought several glasses of lemonade on a tray. He first presented the tray to Madame Jasmin and her

daughter, then to us, precisely like a well-bred footman. When I had emptied my glass, he hastened to relieve me from it, putting it back on the tray. Mr. Vanneck took out his watch, and shewed it to the monkey: it was just three. Jack went and brought a cup of broth to his master, who remarked that the monkey did not know the movements of the watch, but that he knew exactly the position of the hands when they pointed to three, and kept it in mind that it was then his master required his luncheon. If the watch was shown to him at any other hour, he did not go to fetch the broth; while if three o'clock was past without the luncheon being called for, he got fidgety, and at last ran and brought it: in this case, he was always rewarded with some sugar-plums.

You have no notion, said Mr. Vanneck, how much time and trouble, and especially how much patience, I have bestowed on the training of this animal. Confined to my chair, however, I continued my task methodically. Nothing was more difficult than to accustom Jack to his clothes: he used to take off his pantaloons again and again, until at last I had them sewed to his shirt. When he walks out with me, he wears a straw-hat, but never without making fearful grimaces. He takes a bath every day, and is, on the whole, very cleanly.

"Jack," exclaimed Mr. Vanneck, pointing to me, "this gentleman wants his handkerchief." The monkey drew it from my pocket, and handed it to me.

"Now, shew your room to my guests," continued his master; and Jack opened a door, at which he stopped to let us pass, and then followed himself. Everything was extremely tidy in the small room. There was a bed with a mattress, a table, some chairs, drawers, and various toys; a gun hung on the wall. The bell was rung; Jack went, and reappeared with his master, wheeling in the chair. Meanwhile, I had taken the gun from the wall; Mr. Vanneck handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder-flask and the shot-bag, and in the whole process of loading acquitted himself like a rifleman. I had already seen so much that was astonishing, that I hardly felt surprised at this feat. Jack now placed himself at the open window, took aim, and discharged the gun without being in the least startled by the report. He then went through sword-exercises with the same skill.

It would be too long to jot down all Mr. Vanneck told us about his method of education and training: the above facts, witnessed by myself, bear sufficient evidence of the abilities of the animal, and its master's talent of tuition. We stayed supper, to which there came some more ladies and gentlemen. Jack again exhibited his cleverness in waiting, at which he acquitted himself as well as any man-servant. Going home, my companion missed a small box of sweets, out of which he had regaled the monkey with almonds. Jack had managed to steal it from the pocket; and on being afterwards convicted of the theft, he was severely punished by his master.

## HYDROPHOBIA.

It is no pleasure to a dog to go mad. Quite the reverse. Dreadful as hydrophobia may be to the human being, rabies is worse to the dog. It makes its approach more gradually. It lasts longer, and it is more intense while it endures. The dog that is going mad feels unwell for a long time prior to the full development of the disease. He is very ill, but he does not know what ails him. He feels dissatisfied with every thing; vexed without a reason; and greatly against his better nature, very snappish. Feeling thus, he longs to avoid all annoyance by being alone. This makes him seem strange to those who are most accustomed to him. The sensation induces him to seek solitude. But there is another reason which decides his choice of a resting place. The light inflicts upon him intense agony. The sun is to him an instrument of torture, which he therefore studies to avoid—for his brain aches, and feels as if it were a trembling jelly. This induces the poor brute to find out the holes and corners, where he is least likely to be noticed, and into which the light is unable to enter. In solitude and darkness he passes his day. If his retreat be discovered and the master's voice bid him come forth, the affectionate creature's countenance brightens, his tail beats the ground, and he leaves his hiding place, anxious to obey the loved authority; but before he has gone half the distance, a kind of sensation comes over him, which produces an instantaneous change in his whole appearance. He seems to say to himself: "Why cannot you let me alone! Go away!—Do go away! You trouble—pain me!" And thereupon he suddenly turns tail, and back he goes into his dark corner. If let alone, there he will remain; perhaps frothing a little at the mouth, and drinking a great deal of water, but not issuing from his hiding place to seek after food. He is more anxious for liquids. He is now altogether changed. Still he does not desire to bite mankind; he rather endeavors to avoid society; he takes long journeys of thirty or forty miles in extent, and lengthened by all kinds of accidents, to vent his restless desire for motion.

When on these journeys, he does not walk. This would be too formal and measured a pace for an animal whose whole frame quivers with excitement. He does not run. That would be too great an exertion for an animal whose body is the abode of a deadly sickness. He proceeds in a slouching manner, in a kind of trot—a movement neither run nor walk—and his aspect is dejected. His eyes do not glare and stare, but they are dull and retracted. His appearance is very characteristic, and, if once seen, can never afterwards be mistaken. In this state he will travel the most dusty roads, his tongue hanging dry from his mouth, from which, however, there drops no foam. His course is not straight. How could it be—since it is doubtful whether at this period he sees at all? His desire is to journey unnoticed. If no one notices him, he gladly passes by them. He is very ill; he cannot stay to bite. If, nevertheless, any thing opposes his progress, he will, as if by impulse, snap—as a man in a similar state might strike—and tell

the person to "get out of the way." He may take his road across a field in which there is a flock of sheep. Could these creatures only make room for him, and stand motionless, the dog would pass on and leave them behind uninjured. But they begin to run, and at the sound the dog pricks up his ears. His entire aspect changes. Rage takes possession of him. What made that noise? He pursues it with all the energy of madness. He flies at one, then another. He does not mangle, nor is his bite, simply considered, terrible. He cannot pause to tear the creature he has caught. He snaps and then rushes onward, till fairly exhausted and unable longer to follow, he sinks down, and the sheep pass forward, to be no more molested. He may have bitten 20 or 30 in his mad onslaught, and would have worried more, had his strength lasted; for the furor of madness then had possession of him. He may be slain while on these excursions; but if he escapes, he returns home and seeks the darkness and quiet of his former abode. His thirst increases, but with it comes the swelling of the throat. He will plunge his head into water, so ravenous is his desire; but not a drop of the liquid can he swallow, though its surface is covered with bubbles in consequence of the efforts he makes to gulp the smallest quantity. The throat is enlarged to that extent which will permit nothing to pass. He is the victim of the most horrible inflammation of the stomach, and the most intense inflammation of the bowels. His state of suffering is most pitiable. He has lost all self-reliance; even feeling is gone. He flies at and pulls to pieces any thing that is within his reach. One animal in this condition being confined near a fire, flew at the burning mass, pulled out the live coals, and in his fury, scrunched them. He emits the most hideous cries. The noise he makes is incessant and peculiar. It begins as a bark, which sound, being too torturing to be continued, is quickly changed to a howl, which is suddenly cut short in the middle; and so the poor wretch at last falls, fairly worn out by a terrible disease.—*Mayhew's Dogs.*

From the Home Journal.

## PHILIP FRENEAU.

— At the last meeting of the Historical Society, Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck read a discriminating and masterly paper on the poetical works of Philip Freneau, who died on the eighteenth of December, 1832. The circumstances of his death were thus announced in the *Monmouth (New Jersey) Inquirer*:—"Mr. Freneau was in the village, and started, towards evening, to go home, about two miles. In attempting to go across, he appears to have got lost and mired in a bog-meadow, where his lifeless corpse was discovered yesterday morning. Captain Freneau was a staunch whig in the time of the Revolution, a good soldier and a warm patriot. The productions of his pen animated his countrymen in the darkest days of '76, and the effusions of his muse cheered the desponding soldier as he fought the battles of freedom." While the *Mirror* was under our editorial direction, we published a biographical account of this popular revolutionary poet, from the pen of the

late John Pintard, who knew him well and intimately. The Evening Post is mistaken in supposing that there is no portrait of Freneau extant. We saw a striking likeness of him in oil, from the pencil of the late Mr. Jarvis; but what became of it, or in whose possession it remains, we have no means, at present, of ascertaining. Dr. Francis is one of the few remaining friends of Freneau, and he furnished Mr. Dayckinck with the following pleasing reminiscences, which we take great pleasure in presenting to the reader:—

"It were easy," says Dr. Francis, "to record a long list of eminent citizens who ever gave him a cordial welcome. He was received with the warmest greetings by the old soldier, Governor George Clinton. He, also, in the intimacy of kindred feeling, found an agreeable pastime with the learned provost of the American Protestant Episcopate, who himself had shouldered a musket in the Revolution, and hence was sometimes called the fighting bishop. They were allied by classical tastes, a love of natural science, and ardor in the cause of liberty. With Gates he compared the achievements of Monmouth with those at Saratoga. With Colonel Fish he reviewed the Capture of Yorktown; with Dr. Mitchell he rehearsed, from his own sad experience, the physical sufferings and various diseases of the incarcerated patriots of the Jersey prison-ship; and decanted on Italian poetry and the piscatory eclogues of Sannazarius. He doubtless furnished Dr. Benjamin Dewitt with data for his funeral discourse on the remains of the eleven thousand five hundred American martyrs. With Pintard he could laud Horace and talk largely of Paul Jones. With Major Fairlie he discussed the tactics and chivalry of Baron Steuben. With Sylvanus Miller he compared notes on the political clubs of 1795—1810. He shared Paine's visions of an ideal democracy. With De Witt Clinton and Cadwallader D. Colden he debated the projects of internal improvement and artificial navigation, based on the famous precedent of the Languedoc canal. I had, when very young," continues Dr. Francis, "read the poetry of Freneau, and as we instinctively become attached to the writers who first captivate our imaginations, it was with much zest that I formed a personal acquaintance with the revolutionary bard. He was at that time about seventy-six years old, when he first introduced himself to me, in my library. I gave him an earnest welcome. He was somewhat below the ordinary height; in person thin, yet muscular, with a firm step, though a little inclined to stoop; his countenance wore traces of care, yet lightened with intelligence as he spoke; he was mild in enunciation, neither rapid nor slow, but clear, distinct and emphatic. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation, his eyes a dark gray, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair must have once been beautiful—it was now thinned and of an iron gray. He was free of all ambitious displays; his habitual expression was pensive. His dress might have passed for that of a farmer. New-York, the city of his birth, was his most interesting theme; his

collegiate career with Madison, next. His story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. I told him what I had heard Jeffrey, the Scotch reviewer, say of his writings, that the time would arrive when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Grey."

MR. DONN PIATT, the Secretary of the American Legation at Paris, has written a letter to his friends in Cincinnati, Ohio, urging them to raise \$2,000 by subscription, for the purchase of an original portrait of General Washington, which is now offered for sale in Paris, and which he thinks would adorn the new State House in Ohio:—

"It was painted by the celebrated Wert Muller, in 1795, at Philadelphia, who went to the United States for that express purpose; and has not only the merit of being a magnificent painting, but the only portrait of him taken at that period—at a time before age had left its marks,—indeed, in the prime and vigor of his life. The picture was at one time taken to Washington, when the price was held at \$10,000, while now it can be had for \$2,000. I should think a subscription, fixed at \$1.00 each subscriber, would be soon taken up, and this valuable painting secured to our State. The Government of Russia has, through its Minister at Brussels, made an offer; but I have got the owners to hold on until I can hear from the patriotism of my native State."

*Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, Abroad and at Home.* By Mrs. Jameson.

The publication, with some additions, of a private lecture intended to urge the propriety of opening up a wider field of exertion for women. The branch of her subject brought forward by Mrs. Jameson is the one now prominently in the public eye,—the great advantage of women as attendants on the sick. The wish of the lecturer is supported by an historical view of "Sisters of Charity," Romanist as well as Protestant; by authorities philosophical, medical, and philanthropical; by her own arguments,—perhaps deeper and better than anything she adduces at second hand, from the long thought she has given to the depressed position of the larger portion of her sex. The book, notwithstanding, is by no means the best specimen of Mrs. Jameson's writings. There is a want of sufficient purpose in the plan, and some deficiency of warmth and power in the exposition.—*Spectator.*

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS IN PARIS.—The following return of the numbers daily printed by the principal Paris journals is taken from M. Didot's pamphlet on the fabrication of paper; it may be regarded as official: Presse, 40,000; Siècle, 35,000; Constitutionel, 25,000; Moniteur, 24,000; Patrie, 18,000; Pays, 14,000; Débats, 9,000; Assemblée Nationale, 5,000; Univers, 3,500; Union, 3,500; Gazette de France, 2,500; Gazettes de Tribunaux, 2,500. These journals are all printed in five offices, and the quantity of paper they annually consume amounts to more than four millions of pounds.



From the Gem.

## THE MINING CURATE: A TALE.

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

A WIDE and a wild parish is that of Calartha. Its aspect is strange and unusual; for the mines with which it abounds are situated on the brink of precipices, and even carried out into the sea. The edifices attached to them are seen fixed on isolated rocks, in the midst of the wave; while the rich produce drawn from the bowels of the deep, far beneath, is conveyed, with singular ingenuity, over the lofty cliffs that tower behind. If any one is satiated with luxurious scenery (and it will sometimes satiate); if he would exchange groves, meadows, and fertile fields, for some new aspect of the ever-varied and impressive face of nature, let him come to this territory. The miner thrives, so does the farmer who lives in the few cultivated and romantic valleys; the fisherman, also, plies his trade with great success off the coast; but the clergyman has scarcely enough to keep soul and body together. Notwithstanding the numerous population of the parish, he has only forty pounds a year. Now, the man who, at the time of our acquaintance with the affairs of Calartha, was the appointed religious instructor of its inhabitants, was, in every respect, admirably suited to his office. His form was spare and fitted for activity; his features aquiline; and his large gray eye for ever restless. Had he doffed the cassock, and assumed the broad-brimmed hat, and the coarse woollen jacket and trowsers of the miner, and descended every day into the earth, he would have found there a better return for his labor than the marble hearts of his parishioners were disposed to give him. But then his profession made him a gentleman; he had received a good education, and had lived, for some time at least, among scholars and men of taste,—having been maintained at the University by one of the foundation societies, who often send there candidates for holy orders. Poor man! from the moment he set his foot in Calartha, his daily and nightly study seemed to be, how to supply the wants of nature in a comfortable and sufficient manner: it would be profane to say luxurious—for what had he to do with luxury? He was acutely sensible he had nothing to do with it.

Men's minds soon grow submissive to their situations; and after a vain and ineffectual struggle of a few weeks to keep up appearances, to vie in many things with his neighbors, to be thought to have a decent table, to be seen to wear a decent dress,—he gave it up in despair, just in time to save himself from total ruin. It may be said that a bachelor, in so distant a province, where there was no competition to enhance the price of a single

article, need not be ruined, with economy, even on forty pounds a year: but the Curate had a mother and sister to maintain; and they took a little house on the slope of a hill, and lived together in it. How they lived; how they lodged; what they ate and drank,—are mysteries that have never yet been sufficiently explained.

Now, the Curate was no economist: had the money found its way entire into his hands, it would have all melted away like the mists on one of the neighboring hills: he would often give, and wished always to give, to the poor: he loved, but not to excess, a cheerful glass, and sometimes would cast his eye on his threadbare coat, with a determined purpose to have a new one. All these indulgences would quickly have made frightful invasions on the income, if the mother and sister had not received the quarterly ten pounds with an eager grasp, and watched over its little, gradual ebbings, with a lynx eye and an iron hand: the money had as well been at the bottom of the tin shaft in the vale below, for any indulgence it brought to him who toiled for it. It was in vain that the son sometimes appealed to the parent in moving terms, when, returned from a hot and dusty walk in the midst of summer, he begged hard for a few shillings: "James," said the old lady, "remember the dignity of the cloth. 'Would you lower yourself by drinking, may be, more than you can bear?' Go and finish the discourse you've been writing, bit by bit all the week: 'tis a beautiful piece o' writin', and there's no doubt the squire will ask ye to dinner after hearin' of it." The son looked down at the sound of dignity of the cloth: both his elbows were struggling through the time-worn vestment; yet he rose with a sigh, took down his manuscript, drew the table near the window, and was soon plunged in the very depths of his subject.

It might be thought that the imagination would freeze, and the power of composition be arrested by the hourly pressure of petty sacrifices and denials,—the uncertainty, when he rose in the morning, whether any sufficient refectation would be that day given to the outward man: but it did not seem so; at least, his public discourses were oftentimes very good, and even eloquent, and had evidently been the work of care and time. One reason of this perhaps was, that Sunday was his day of triumph; and he felt it to be so. After sinking, in temporal things, below his parishioners during the whole of the week; after pining for comforts which they enjoyed to the full,—he found himself, on this day, elevated above them,—was their instructor, their pastor, looked on by them as a man of learning and of power. He was far better adorned, also, than on week days: the gown left by his

predecessor was in very good condition, and his appearance, on the whole, was respectable and impressive. Then, after the service, the hand was held out more freely and respectfully: the squire stopped in the aisle, and the rich farmer without the door, to exchange kind and friendly words with him: and an invitation to dinner, from some one or other, sometimes followed. There was a singular difference in all his demeanor, and tone, and bearing, on this day: his look was no longer restless and depressed, nor his attitude stooping, nor his air soft and cringing: he spoke fast and free, sat at the friendly table as a gentleman should, and thought no more of his forty pounds a year. The privations of the whole week rendered the now loaded board an exquisite luxury. Perhaps, for his own peace, he had better never have sat there; for, on his return at night, he was beset with the fruitless remarks and desires of his mother and sister, who were hardly ever asked out on these occasions; and during the ensuing week, the daily and frugal meal was often embittered with their repinings. To entertain a friend in his own house, was a thing that never entered his head: had he dared to make the attempt, he might as well have faced two hungry harpies, as met the looks and words of his rigid relatives. He was often to be seen of an evening seated in the little window seat, overlooking the road; and there he feasted his eyes on the joyous groups that returned from the market of the neighboring town, where they had ate and drunk, and were now returning, in the fulness of their hearts, to a comfortable home—to their own warm hearth. And then a knot of farmers would jog merrily by, talking, in loud voices, of the current prices, the coming harvest, and of their own well stored barns and yards. "And why should so great a gulf be fixed between the pastor and his flock?" was a question he might well ask himself. Even when twilight had spread its dimness over dwelling and path, the form of the Curate might still be seen seated there: for candle-light was spared, with infinite care and skill, within the walls; and not till the middle of November, was any fire allowed. So he loved to linger over the last gleams of light, rather than turn to the void of his cheerless habitation. To defend himself from the increasing cold, he used to put on his ancient and rusty great coat, and fold it tightly round him. The want of light was supplied from the public house of the village, which was directly opposite, and only a few yards distant; for, the rooms being as usual profusely lighted, a partial glare was received from them through the windows of the Curate's apartments. But this was more to his annoyance than his comfort. Much has been said of the torments of

Tantalus; but as much, and with equal justice, might be said of the sufferings of this thirsty, poor, and much desiring man, who sat, from hour to hour, in a partial gloom, in which all the senses are more vividly awake, listening to the ringing of glasses, and the calls, continually repeated, for more supplies of some refreshing beverage, of new and old ale, and even wine. Oft did he retire to rest with a spirit tried to the very core. Alas! it needs not a guilty conscience to embitter life: salt tears will stream down blameless cheeks.

Thus passed away two or three years; when one morning saw him summoned to a different scene,—to attend one of his parishioners, whose dwelling was at some distance. The man was dying, and over his bed bent a form and face that the eye would hardly look for within such walls: his condition in life was only that of a peasant, yet the daughter, who was his only child, was, in all opinions, the loveliest girl in the parish. Often, with surprise, had the Curate marked her beauty from the pulpit; and, in his few visits to the cottage, he had entered into conversation with her, and found, by the words that fell gently from her lips, that she had treasured his sermons in her memory and heart—the sweetest flattery, perhaps, that woman can pay to a youthful minister. He thought little of these things at this moment, however, but drew nigh to the side of his parishioner, and spoke to him in earnest and heartfelt tones: the man raised his hand in token of satisfaction, and seemed to devour every word he heard; but his eye, on which the world was now closing, was not lifted to heaven, but bent on the girl who hung over him. She was to be an orphan; and it seemed to be more than he could bear: he strove to man his spirit and call faith to his aid. But it might not be: the dread reality of the moment would not yield to the hope of future protection, which the minister strove to inculcate. The parishioner, a man of strong but untutored mind, listened in seeming calmness for some time; but when death drew near, he struggled against the stern summons, laid one hand firmly on his daughter's form, and when he felt that hand loose its hold, he turned his glazing eye on his pastor, and said, "Man, if there's a love stronger than death, 'tis that for a desolate daughter: watch over mine, if you hope for mercy; for she is an orphan." The tears of the girl did not fall alone; for the feelings of the Curate were moved to the uttermost. Deaths and funerals had, from habit, become to him familiar things; but a death like this assailed every avenue of his heart and memory. The sun was yet rising, and his red beams fell through the cottage window on the face of the dead, whose thin hand was still extended towards his child, as if he miserably mocked the king

of terrors; and on the features of that child was utter friendlessness. The Minister stood, with folded arms, on the other side of the bed: his earnest aspect, and compressed lips, showed him to be no passionless spectator: he bent forward, and taking the trembling hand of the girl, led her from the apartment. He hastened to his home; and thither the scene followed him, the dying charge still thrilling in his ear. On the next Sunday his eye wandered unconsciously to the people who entered: and when the orphan girl came in her mourning, the looks of the whole congregation were instantly turned on her; for utter desolation ever commands interest and pity. A stronger feeling was excited in the Curate's mind, as he often sought the cottage, and gazed on her beauty, and loved it. But what had he to do with love, when poverty, like an armed man, stood in his path, and sternly warned the resistless stranger away? Could he, for a moment, think of introducing another to share the small pittance of his household? If he did, the delusive hope flitted in a moment away, like a cloud from the bosom of the rocky hill on which his dwelling stood: yet, in spite of fate, he continued to love, and in the meantime, exerted all his little influence in the parish to improve the condition of the orphan.

Thus passed away a year, at the end of which a change came over his fortunes,—a sudden and a great change. An old sister of his mother's died, and left to her nephew the property which had been the reward of a whole life of gripping and saving. They were all at their scanty breakfast when a letter, with a black seal, was delivered: the son took and opened it; a sudden light came to his eyes that had long been a stranger there, and a deep flush passed over his cheek; for it was the letter containing the account of the bequest. The strong emotions that seized every one were some time in subsiding. There was now a delightful certainty that poverty would dwell with them no more: life had never brought an hour so elevating; they shed tears, and then they laughed loud and long, in the fulness of their hearts; for the bequest amounted to nearly a thousand pounds. As it was all left to the son, he had, of course, the entire disposal of every farthing; and while the mother and sister naturally wished to surround their little household with comforts and enjoyments, and extend their consequence among the neighbors, he was occupied with different thoughts. The use he made of the money affords an instance of the strange waywardness of the human heart. He no sooner received the sum, than the insatiable desire of increasing it, like a demon, entered his heart. The strong and sudden novelty of the event had its share, perhaps in this: to

a man to whom the command of a few shillings at a time had been an object of desire, the possession of so much wealth was exquisite.

But there was a deeper cause also, and one of longer standing. The extensive parish of which he was the Curate, offered a beautiful and enticing field of speculation, in which any sum, vast or minute, might be quickly employed. The soil was in many parts covered with mines, whose piles of ore, worthless as well as valuable, were strewed over the surface. The Curate had often fallen in company with the miners, who formed, indeed, no small part of his parishioners; and the shrewdness and intelligence of these men had not failed to interest him. Then he had loved to linger, during his various walks, on the brink of these tempting scenes, to survey the various and valuable produce, and watch the iron-bound vessel that rose every moment to the surface and poured its fresh treasures from the deep caverns of the earth. It had never entered his mind, that he could partake in the mighty adventure, that he could ever blend his own destiny with that of the mine that spread around; but now the face of things was altered, and he resolved to adventure boldly and skilfully the property that had been left him. It was in vain that his parent, and Rachel, his sister, implored him to pause, ere he committed so perilous and fearful a deed,—for they never could survive, they said, the loss of this treasure: the nature of the man was changed; and there never was a more striking proof of the sudden influence of money on a disposition hitherto untried by it. He returned brief and stern answers to the mother before whom his voice had formerly been subdued and submissive,—looked her full in the face, and met her glance of authority with one of equal command. The unhappy woman sank into a chair, wrung her hands, and said that a curse would come on the money thus awfully risked.

But there was another and more youthful eye and tone, that he dared not thus to meet. In the evening he hastened to the cottage where the daughter of the peasant still lived: his feelings were delightful as he entered; and he grasped her hand fervently, and looked long and earnestly in her lovely face. His own features were full of pride mingled with tenderness: for he felt that she was his own; and, to his ardent imagination, there seemed something exquisite in rescuing her from desertion, and executing the trust of her dying father: for poverty had crushed hitherto the spirit of the Curate, and shrouded every thing that was noble and generous in it. The girl spoke low and passionately, and there was hope in her voice and eye, as she wished him joy of his good fortune; for she had begun to love the kind-hearted Minister, who had been a faithful

friend in her distress. By his unceasing efforts he had procured her the situation of lady's maid in a town at about twenty miles distance, and she was to depart in a few days. "Then you would not wish me to go now," she asked, "now that the world smiles upon you; you would rather, perhaps, that I should stay here?" He returned no answer. "It is a place of pride," she resumed, "and of command; and my father's cottage will be far dearer to me than that lady's house." He turned to the small window, through which the moonlight was shining beautifully, and she saw that his face was pale and agitated. Mistaking the cause, the color rushed to her own cheek, and she said something about his despising her now he was rich: he started at the words, and pressed her to his heart, that throbbed with anguish. He had known enough of the delusions of the human spirit in the various scenes of suffering, sorrow, and death, that his extensive parish offered, to be aware that his own was now miserably led captive. "Mary," he said, "the bitterness of parting will be hard to bear: we might now be married, I know, and be happy; but—but I am not rich, as you say,—not rich enough to live in comfort: no, my love, I wish to surround you with enjoyments, with affluence, that all thoughts of poverty may be chased from our dwelling, as chaff before the wind." And then he told her of the purpose he had formed and matured, of laying out the property in a flourishing mine in the neighborhood, where, in the course of a year, there was a certain prospect of its being doubled.

As he spoke on the tempting theme, his eye flashed, his voice rose, and his gestures were impassioned. The girl gazed in surprise and sorrow, and thought of the gentle tone, the happy smile, the look full of hope and affection, with which he had been wont to enter her dwelling. It was clear that she must part from her home, and its wild and loved scenes, from which she had never wandered before; for, till his golden expectations were accomplished, as he admitted, the day of their union could not come, and he would be, in fact, as poor and dependent as ever. Her tears fell fast at the thought, and a warning conviction seemed to rush on her mind. She knelt before him, and clasping his hand in her own, blessed him for all the care and tenderness with which he had watched over her orphan state, and besought him not to cast away the only prospect that might ever be of their union,—not to love gold better than her love; and then she pointed to the chamber in which her father died. The Curate's spirit was severely tried: the look, the action, the sorrow of the kneeling girl, were almost irresistible, and he felt them to be so: the struggle was violent; but pride, a new sensation, at last came to his

aid. "Why will you not," he said, "be guided by my advice? Have I not in every thing sought your welfare? and you blame me because I seek to make our home a more wealthy one! Bear this absence of a few months with patience, and then I will come and bring you to our home."

She rose, and spoke not another word of complaint or sorrow; and soon after he parted from her kindly as ever, and sought his own dwelling on the hill. On the following day she left her home, and went to the distant town.

And now the Curate knew no rest night or day. He was not long in deciding in what adventure to place his money; and yet the moments of suspense, ere he came to that decision were beautiful. He traversed the whole neighborhood every day with rapid and eager steps, canvassed with his own eyes the bearings and value of every enterprise. But how different were his air and tone! No longer bending and dependent, but firm, elevated and clear. And many attentions and civilities were paid him; for, as the precise amount of the bequest was not known, people began to imagine it much greater than it was.

At last he fixed upon a very flourishing; or rather promising, copper mine, that had not been discovered more than twelve months; and here he embarked the whole of his property. The moment he had done this, a devouring thirst and gnawing anxiety seized on his soul: the traveller, dying in the desert, does not long more intensely for the cooling water, than the Curate did for the gains that were so soon to flow from his adventure. Religion; the sermons and prayers of the Sabbath; the visiting of the sick; the comforting of the dying:—all these were light as the autumn leaf, compared to the beloved, the glowing, the golden speculation. He was thin before, but now he wasted to a shadow. Murmurings began to rise in the parish at his neglect and insensibility; several people, who lived at the distance of many miles, in their last moments had longed for the sacrament, and seemed to linger on life's fading shore, unwilling to leave it without that consolation: yet it never came. But the misery or happiness of others was now become quite indifferent to him: he rose with the earliest light, quitted the house before either its inmates was stirring, and repaired, over the moor, to the scene of the distant mine. The living object of his attachment he visited once or twice in the distant town, and told her, with a sparkling eye, of his ardent hopes; but no lover ever hung with more fondness over the untimely grave of his mistress, than the Curate did, morn and eve, over the black heaps that rose at his feet, in which he felt his own fate involved. He sate beside them, took the moist stones in his hand: mi-



mutely, darkly, distinctly traced were the veins of the rich mineral; and then he retraced the path to his dwelling, and sat down silent and abstracted. The puny income, that had so long been his sole resource, he now thought of with perfect contempt. "Ten pounds a quarter:—he had not the slightest intention of retaining his cure beyond the time when the returns of the mine began to pour in." And these returns really seemed, for a short time, about to realize his most sanguine anticipations: a small vein of valuable copper was cut into; shares rose greatly in price; and his own for which he had given nearly a thousand pounds, might now be sold for fifteen hundred. A few months before, the receipt of this sum would have been felt to be the greatest blessing that ever fell to man; but now, the prospect of the future was so glorious, that he received the tempting offer with no small scorn, observing "that he should be a fool to part with what would soon gain him many thousands." Could a man whose every thought and imagination were thus deliciously occupied, attend earnestly to the poor, cold, rugged realities that called every moment for his exertions? It is a painful and a bitter thing, however, when our enjoyments depend wholly on the uncertain chances of each coming day and hour: the reports from the mine beneath were not always favorable; there were some moments when the vein of copper began to be less productive, at others a total extinction was threatened. The Curate gazed on the countenances of the miners, just ascended from the scene of toil, with a lynx and scrutinizing eye, that said, ere the tone could utter, "Oh say that my hopes still live!" But death came at last; and the Curate felt the barbed arrow in his soul. Not the extinction of being—that perhaps, had been mercy; but the withering for ever of every happy and every golden hope. After a few weeks of thrilling suspense and joy, the vein of ore failed utterly: other parts of the ground were explored, and excavations made in every direction, but all in vain; and in a few months, the whole speculation fell through. The legacy was entirely gone, and not the slightest addition had been made to the real comforts and enjoyments of the possessors. The miserable man now allowed the truth of this, and the words of his mother fell awfully on his ear: they were fierce, unsparring, and ceaseless; and he listened to them in silence, but not in calmness. There was a voice that would have brought comfort, that he loved to hear: but it was afar: and he had long been a stranger to its sweet tones; for, during the fever of speculation, he had neglected the orphan girl, and had lately heard that she had gone to a more distant residence.

Nearly twelve months passed away, the Curate's mind, that had borne calmly the long

pressure of real poverty, could not support the fearful blow that cut off his expectations: deep despondency grew on his spirits daily, and the care of his parish seemed to be a heavy burden. It was strange, but his thought still hovered round the scene of his ruin. One evening he had wandered thither, and was seated on one of the scattered heaps that attested with what avidity riches had been sought: it was an evening in autumn, and the rays of the sun, setting in the sea, that was full in view, were thrown on the waste spot. The stones, containing a portion of the rich mineral, gleamed with a golden hue, as the fading beams rested on them, as if in mockery of the hopes of the wretched man who sat there. But he needed no illusions of fancy to swell the sum of real anguish: thought after thought coursed wildly through his brain, and in them were despair, remorse, and blasted love! Raising his eyes from the barren soil, he saw a female advancing slowly over the moor, as if her steps were turned to the neighboring village. The path led through the ruined mine; and, as the stranger drew near to the despairing Curate, she paused, and the eyes of each were fastened intensely on the other. It was Mary, the object of his affections, of whom he had often thought with self reproach, and a longing desire to see her again. And now she stood before him. He who has bent beneath misery and desertion, can tell how welcome are the returning glance and form of those who love us. The Curate clasped his hands fervently, and a deep flush came to his wasted features. "Mary," he said, "you are come to comfort me: I thought you would not forget or forsake me." The girl stood silent for a few moments; but it was not the silence of a full heart. She was deeply changed: the look of simplicity and candor had given place to one of haughtiness: the spirit, too, it was evident, had been affected by the scenes of dissipation and splendor in which she had resided. "James," she said, "I am come, but not to be your wife—that hour is past; and as to forsaking, you never came to see me for many months, till I thought you had forgot me." He spoke in sincere and glowing words of his bright and prolonged hopes, and how they had wholly occupied his mind; and of former moments, of her destitution, and his fidelity. Still she listened coldly: he knelt before her, and gazed on her beauty, in agony at the conviction that it never could be his; and then he told of the hour of her father's death, and how, in that last moment, she had been given to his care. She turned pale, and seemed to be struggling with remembrances. "Mr. Collins," she said at last, "it is of no use to talk of this now; I cannot feel as I did then: remember the time when I knelt before you, and prayed with tears that I might not leave my home, and

that you would prefer my love to the love of gold. You would not, and now it is gone from you: not because of the ruin you have met with; but, in the places where I have dwelt, other feelings, and prouder ones, have been nurtured. Farewell, my kind and generous protector, may every blessing attend you! but—but I never can be your wife." She turned from the spot with a quickened step: he gazed after her retreating figure as long as it remained in sight, and then he turned to the solitude of his own heart. "Is that my Mary?" he said, with a miserable smile, "the dear devoted girl that I watched over when her father died? Surely she was to be my wife, my beautiful wife! and was to comfort me in my misery." He would have sat down once more on the glittering pile beside him; but a sudden thought crossed his brain, and he started from the spot as if a serpent had stung him: he clenched his hand fiercely, and gnashed his teeth:—"There, there," he said, wildly, "was my ruin; my love, my fortune, all my joy on earth, and hope in heaven, were sold for these accursed heaps. I sold my bride, with all her tenderness and beauty, for these detested stones,—ha! ha!—that now mock me like so many fiends."

The night had set in darkly ere he went to his wretched home: his spirit was utterly crushed, and his frame soon sank also. Before long, he was unable, as well as unfit, to attend to his ministerial duties; and his numerous flock saw with pity, that their pastor's career, it was probable, would soon draw to a close. Six months had not passed, when the girl he loved, and whose attachment was the last silver cord to which he had clung, was married to a young farmer in the neighborhood. Even had she been faithful, what prospect remained to the Curate of supporting a wife on the miserable pittance to which the loss of his bequest reduced him? But his feelings were embittered by the knowledge that she had brought a small portion to her husband, which was bequeathed to her by the will of the lady whom she had served. Another Curate also was found to supply the wide parish of Calartha, but the people, in kindness, continue to allow their former Minister his poor salary, from the conviction, perhaps, that he would soon cease to be a burden to them. He still loved, when his failing strength permitted, to walk out into the wild paths that had so long been familiar to him; and his feet, it was observed, though they sometimes fainted by the way, seemed to wander mechanically to the scene of his dazzling hopes and of his ruin: and there he would stay for hours, grasping, at times, with a trembling hand, some stray stones, richly veined with the mineral, while his hollow eye and attenuated form showed that poverty and wealth would soon be alike

indifferent to him. One day he had been absent from his home much longer than usual, and his mother and sister went forth to trace his steps to the well known scene, and found him reclined peacefully there; but the flitting remains of strength had been exhausted beneath the heat of the day. They called on his name, and bade him come to his home: but he heard them no more; for life was extinct, and it seemed, from the expression of his features, that he had welcomed death.

From the British Magazine.

### SIR HARRY HIGHFLYER:

#### A SUICIDE'S LAST CAROUSE.

Who was better known about town, or who knew the town better, than Sir Harry Highflyer? He was, as the phrase is, in everything, and the best man at everything—supreme in each pursuit that had fashion for its sanction. He was a member of the Four-in-Hand-Club; and it was universally admitted that no gentleman could drive his own coachman to Salt Hill in better style. He was the best dresser in London; and ruined three tailors by the disinterested readiness with which he exhibited their choicest productions on his own well-formed person. His dinners were the most *récherchés*, his wines the most exquisite that money could purchase—and certainly they had cost dearly to the tavern-keepers whom he had promised to pay for them. He was celebrated in the Fives Court: and if he was unable to *lick* young Belcher, who, from constant practice, had the advantage of him; or the boxing coal-beaver, who was his superior in weight; he had done all that could be required of a gentleman—he had tried. He was the best shot in England. Twice did he brush the morning dew from the grass of Mary-le-bone Fields in his way to Chalk Farm; and on both occasions he had the good fortune to kill his man. The first was Major O'Blaze, a scoundrel, as Sir Harry justly termed him, who had seduced the Baronet's mistress; the other, a Mr. Hardacre, a plain country squire, who had the temerity to call Sir Harry a scoundrel for eloping with his wife. Here again had Sir Harry done all that could be required of a gentleman. But these were not his only claims to that title. In a single night he won seventeen thousand pounds of a young Lackbrain, a tyro in those matters, at hazard. Finding that by selling his commission in the — dragons, drawing upon his agent to the utmost farthing in his hands, and pledging his pictures, his books, and the lease of his chambers in Albany, young Lackbrain could raise no more than nine thousand pounds towards the amount of his loss; he generously, with respect to the remaining sum, declared that as he should hold it unbecoming a friend and a gentleman to press for its immediate payment,

Mr. Lackbrain might set his mind perfectly at ease about it, upon signing a bond, for principal and interest, to be payable in twelve—nay, even fifteen months. Sir Harry began life with a fortune of eighteen thousand a-year. Having somewhat of a turn for arithmetic, he at once perceived that it would be imprudent to spend more than twenty thousand, and wisely resolved to limit his expenditure by that sum, or twenty-five at the utmost. But circumstances, which might have baffled the wisest calculations, so ordered it, that thirty was usually much nearer the mark; and however extraordinary it may appear to persons unaccustomed to investigate such matters, the consequence of these continued discrepancies between the income and the outgoing, was, that one fine, sun-shiny morning, his debts were found to amount to 102,357*l.* 18*s.* 9 3-4*d.*—a very complicated and ugly-looking row of figures—whilst his assets were gracefully pictured forth by that simple and elegantly-formed symbol (0) representing NOTHING. To use his own emphatic phrase, Sir Harry Highflyer found himself “most magnanimously dished.” It was towards the close of the London season of 1817, that he made this wonderful discovery. What was to be done? He could not at the moment determine. Free air and solitude were necessary to put his mind into a fit state for reflection: so, calling forth his hat and gloves, he sallied forth, and avoiding dear Bond-street, and all the more frequented avenues, he crossed St. Alban’s-street, sidled through St. James’s Market, felt his way along a dirty, dingy defile, called Swallow-street, and after passing through sundry dark passages on the north of Oxford-street, he, at length, found himself in the Mary-le-bone fields. There he sauntered about for some time, but to no purpose: one-hundred-and-two-thousand and odd pounds, shillings, and pence, were not to be picked up in the Mary-le-bone fields; and what else under Heaven could set him afloat again? The more he thought, the more desperate did his position appear to him. But there is an old French proverb that tells us that *à force de chercher Ton trouve*; and so it happened to Sir Harry: for by dint of thinking and walking, and walking and thinking, he all at once found himself on the identical spot where he had killed his friends Hardacre and Major O’Blaze. Here, by that fine operation of the mind, called the association of ideas, an easy and certain mode of arranging his affairs occurred to him. “Is it possible!” he exclaimed, “that I can be such an idiot as, for nearly two hours, to have overlooked so obvious an expedient! Is it possible that I, a man of unquestionable courage, as this very spot can attest, should have been, for an instant, in doubt about the means of escaping from an

exposure of my cut up—an event I never should have found nerve to encounter! Is it possible that I, a rational being, should have failed to think of the *very thing* that would have occurred to an ass in London, at the first blush of the affair!—What! shall I put down my four-in-hand? Shall I send my racers to Tattersall’s? Shall I break up my snug little establishment at Kilburn, and confess to my pretty Julia that it is all up with me? Shall I tell my friends that I can squander no more thousands, for the reason that I have no more thousands to squander? No, no; thank my stars, I have too much courage to submit to that.” It were needless to state in explicit terms what was the nature of the remedy intended to be employed by this “rational being,” for the many ills which this “man of unquestionable courage” was too courageous to encounter; but, having settled the question entirely to his own satisfaction, he, upon his way home, suddenly put his handkerchief to his cheek, went into an apothecary’s shop, complained of a racking tooth-ache, and purchased a vial of laudanum.

Courage and Rationality! How differently may the qualities implied by these terms be understood! Had Sir Harry presumed to rush uninvited into the presence of the Prince Regent, his courage would have been stigmatized as daring and reckless impudence, his rationality as sheer insanity. But Sir Harry would not have done that: he was too *well-bred* a man: his consciousness of the respect due from a subject to his prince; his deference to the forms of civilized society; nay, the very consideration of what was due from man *even unto* MAN, would have warned him of the *impropriety* of committing so gross an outrage as *that*! This is a mere passing remark, which, as it is not necessarily connected with the subject, the reader may consider, or not, at his discretion.

Upon reaching home, Sir Harry gave strict charge to Laurent, his valet, not to come to him till he heard his bell, nor to allow any one to interrupt him. He then went into his dressing-room, where he passed nearly two hours in writing letters.

He drew the vial from his pocket!!

“The ruling passion strong in death,” he held it up to the light; and muttering “Bright as a ruby—a cursed bore though, for all that,” he twisted out the cork, put the poison to his lips, and—there was a tap at the dressing-room door.

“Who the devil’s that? Didn’t I give positive orders that no one should disturb me?”

“Beg your pardon, Sare, but it grow late: you remember Milord Dashmore dine wiz you, and you not tell me how many I will order dinner for.”

This reminded him that he had invited

Lord Dashmore and a party of friends to dinner for that very day. "They'll look upon it as a sneaking piece of business," thought he, "if I leave them in the lurch in this way: a few hours later will make no difference, and I shan't be in worse condition for my journey, for a dozen bumpers of claret." Then added, aloud, to Laurent, "Order for twelve, and afterwards come and help me to dress."

"Mr. Maxwell is here, Sare; shall you see him?"

"Maxwell!" thought Sir Harry; "what whimsy has brought him here! I thought I had given him a surfeit of me, at his last visit, a twelvemonth ago. Beg Mr. Maxwell to walk up."

Mr. Maxwell was the son of a clergyman who died of a very odd complaint—a broken heart for the loss of his wife—leaving this son an orphan at the age of two years. As this is an age at which a young gentleman is not very well qualified to take care of himself, the late Baronet, Sir Harry's father, thought that he might do it much better for him and, acting upon this suggestion, took him into his own house. Little Master Maxwell and the Baronet's son being of nearly the same age, they were instructed by the same masters, sent at the same time to Westminster, and, afterwards entered at the same college at Cambridge.—Upon their return from college, Sir Robert Highflyer gave young Maxwell the choice of a profession; but as the young gentleman entertained an unbounded dislike of law, physic, and divinity, the army, and the navy, it seemed a matter of some difficulty how to provide for him.

"Tis a lucky thing for you, Tom," said Sir Robert, "that I have the command of four votes, and can, *therefore*, obtain from ministers any thing in reason I choose to ask."

Now, although I am certain these were the very words used by Sir Robert, I never, for the soul of me, could understand what he meant by having the command of four votes; still less by the most industrious application of my reasoning faculties, could I ever perceive the remotest connection between such a possession, and a certain degree of influence with ministers, which he considered as its obvious and natural consequence. However, such was his expression.

Young Maxwell's inclinations tending towards politics, a valuable appointment in the office of the — for the — department, was procured for him, with an understanding that, at the first convenient opportunity, he should have a seat in Parliament. Shortly after this, Sir Robert died; and his son succeeded to the title and estates.

Between the latter and Maxwell as close a friendship had always existed as could exist between two persons whose habits and occu-

pations were diametrically opposed; and Maxwell, presuming, perhaps, too far upon this (and entertaining, as he did, a stupid notion that he could not better evince his gratitude to the patron to whom he owed everything, than by endeavoring, to the utmost of his power, to save his son from ruin,) would sometimes take the liberty to make it too evident to Harry that the system of extravagance he pursued must inevitably lead to the utter destruction of his fortune. The result of one of these remonstrances was an intimation from Sir Harry, that unless Mr. Maxwell could find more amusing topics for conversation, his absence from — Street would be particularly desirable; and Mr. Maxwell not being able to comply with the first condition, he very coolly availed himself of the other. The Baronet's astonishment at the present visit is thus accounted for.

"Ha! Tom, how do? devilish glad to see you," said Sir Harry, holding out one hand, and with the other depositing the little vial of laudanum, together with the letters he had written, in a drawer of his dressing-table; devilish glad, 'pon my soul I am; but no preaching, Tom."

"No, no; my preaching days are over."

"So much the better; and I'm glad to find that, in that respect at least, I have succeeded in reforming you, whatever may have been your success in—" He suddenly stopped—walked towards the window—returned—and continued—"No matter—stay and dine with me; you will meet Dashmore, and Leslie, and Col. D—, and—in short, all friends of yours."

"To tell you the truth, Highflyer, I came for the purpose of billeting myself upon you. I met Leslie this morning, who told me of pour party. And—" (here he made an unaccountable pause,)—"But since I am here, will you allow me to send a message to my servant to bring my things here to dress?"—"Twill save me the trouble of going home."

"Ay, to be sure; Laurent will be here presently, and he shall send somebody to him."

Had Sir Harry been in a state of mind to think to any purpose, he would have thought that, considering the terms on which they had stood for some time past, all this was very strange.

By the time Laurent had finished dressing his master, Maxwell's servant arrived; and Sir Harry descended to the drawing-room to receive his guests, leaving his friends to perform the duties of the toilette.

"Another pin, Ward," said Maxwell to his servant. "Plague on the inventor of this tie! it requires as many pins as the frock of a boarding-school romp." But Ward having exhausted all the pins in Sir Harry's cushion, his master opened first one drawer and then an-



other, till coming to that in which the Baronet had deposited the letters, he was astonished at perceiving that the letter on the top of the pile was addressed to Lord Dashmore, who was to be of the party that very afternoon, and the next beneath to himself! In addition to these were letters addressed to his agent, to his solicitor, and to his aunt, Lady Mary—whom he had offended beyond all hope of pardon.

"This is very strange!" He continued his search. "Good God!—Ward—I have no farther occasion for you: you may go. Unless I am at home by one, you needn't—yes—you had better be in waiting for me—that's all.—Stay—call a hackney-coach immediately—don't bring it to the door, but wait with it at the corner of the street."

The guests were all assembled, and Laurent announced that dinner was served.

"Let Mr. Maxwell know," said Sir Harry.

"Mr. Maxwell, Sare, beg you shall not wait for him. He go home for something he forget, but shall return before the soup be remove." A knock at once announced the return of Mr. Maxwell, so that no delay occurred.

Sir Harry Highflyer, as is well known, was one of the most agreeable table companions of the day. He was a man of ready and pleasant wit; and, whatever may have been his faults at other times and in other places, (and numerous and grave indeed they were,) he was faultless at the head of his own table. Never the retailer of other men's stories, and seldom the hero of his own, he entertained a mortal aversion for your mere story-teller.—"The original sin," he used to say, "has entailed a curse on all the pleasures of life, and story-telling is the curse of conviviality. The nonsense of the moment is a thousand times preferable to the most exquisite piece of wit, ready cut and dried for the occasion, that ever was uttered, or the best ready-made story that was ever told." He held noise to be subversive of mirth (of cheerfulness it certainly is,) instead of an assistant to, or an evidence of, it: and, strange as it may appear, he could not endure a coarse joke, or an obscene story.—"Let us," he once said, "let us show some consideration for the necessities of our inferiors: let us abandon to tinkers such incentives to mirth—the poor devils require something as a relish to their beer; we shall lose nothing by the surrender; for, for my part, I can't fancy that they go well with the elegant, delicate flavor of fine wine." To do Sir Harry justice, he was not a *beast*.

The dinner went off pretty much the same way as dinners of the kind generally do.—But some circumstances occurred, of too remarkable a character to pass without mention. It is true that, with the exception of Mr. Maxwell, they made no very deep impression on

any one present; yet, at one or two of those circumstances, not one of the party but felt, more or less acutely, what might, not inaptly be termed a momentary shock of astonishment. No one could be a fairer talker than Sir Harry; he allowed opportunity to every one for taking his share in the conversation; he never, as it were, elbowed himself in; but availed himself adroitly, and apparently without effort, of the first opening. Upon this occasion, however, he talked through every one that attempted to speak; he talked almost incessantly; and, indeed, seemed to be uneasy when he was constrained even to a short interval of silence. He spoke, too, in a loud, overpowering tone of voice, altogether contrary to his usual habit; and his gayety, ordinarily so distinguished by its suavity and its subordination to the dictates of good taste, was boisterous in the extreme, and sought to maintain itself by a recourse to expedients the most common-place. Again, it was observed that, oftener than once, he filled a bumper, drank it off, and filled again before he passed the wine.

There was some question about arranging a Vauxhall party for the following evening, and Mr. Maurice B—, not perceiving that their host was whispering Laurent, who had just entered the room with a message to him, turned round and abruptly inquired, "Highflyer, where shall you be to-morrow night?" Sir Harry, turning suddenly at the question, fixed his eyes (which seemed to distend to twice their natural size) on the speaker, set his teeth firmly together, and uttered a short, convulsive, fiend-like laugh, as his only reply; at the same time grasping Laurent by the fleshy part of the arm. A death-like silence ensued; not a soul present but felt a thrill of horror! Lord Dashmore, indeed, who was raising his glass to his lips, involuntarily threw it upward with such force, that it struck the ceiling and fell in fragments to the floor. Poor Laurent, sinking almost on his knees, while tears of agony were forced from his eyes, naturally and pathetically cried out in his own language, "*Mais, mon Dieu! Monsieur, vous me faites mal—vous me faites mal, vous dis-je.*" Sir Harry relinquished his hold, drew his hand across his forehead, filled a bumper, carelessly reproached Col. —, who was assisting him in the duties of the table, with exposing the bottles to an attack of the cramp for want of motion, and, quite contrary to his custom, volunteered to sing a song. All this occurred in infinitely less time than it has occupied to describe it; and notwithstanding the sensation was powerful, yet so rapidly had the scene which occasioned it passed, that it was extinct before the next bumper went round.

Sir Harry became—gayer? no—more boisterous than before.

Sir Charles F—— remarked that they were thirteen at table! "Then one amongst us is booked for within the year," said Col. D——, laughingly.

"A hundred guineas to five, I am the man," said Sir Harry.

"Done!" exclaimed Lord Dashmore, at the same time drawing out his pocket-book for the purpose of entering the bet: "and in a twelvemonth and a day, I shall wait upon you for a cool hundred—for you'll lose."

"Tis no bet, Dashmore," said Sir Harry, with a bitter smile, which no one but Maxwell noticed; "tis no bet, so don't book it: no man is justified in making a bet when he knows himself sure of winning."

It was growing late. Some one looked at his watch and observed that it was almost time to break up. "Don't think of leaving me yet," said Sir Harry—"for God's sake." And he rang for more wine, together with anchovy toasts, broiled bones, and other provocatives to drinking. To most present, the form of his appeal seemed odd; to Maxwell it appeared awful!

But the last, and most striking occurrence of the night, is now to be related. Sir Harry, it is said, exhibited manifest signs of impatience at even the short intervals of silence to which the give-and-take of conversation occasionally subjected him. They threw him back upon his own reflections. A question being put to Col. D—— respecting the storming of Badajoz, he described just so much of it as had come immediately under his own observation (for he had been engaged in it); and with so much force, vivacity, and picturesque effect was his short narrative imbued, that it engrossed the attention of all present. It could not have occupied longer than three minutes; yet, when the Colonel had ceased speaking, it was observed that Sir Harry was leaning with his elbow on the table and his forehead in his hand. "The Baronet's off," said some one, and laughed. Sir Harry started at the sound, mechanically filled his glass, and sent the wine on. "What the deuce is the matter with you, Highflyer?" exclaimed another; "your cravat is covered with blood!" "Nothing"—replied he, putting his handkerchief to his mouth—"Nothing—a scratch—nothing—nothing—fill—fill, and send the wine about." His appearance was ghastly; his features were distorted, his face was deadly pale, and the blood was streaming from his nether lip, which in the intensity of mental agony he had unconsciously bitten nearly through!

"I have not seen the Baronet so much cut," whispered Col. D—— to Lord Dashmore, who was sitting next to him, "since the hard bout we had at Melton last year. Let's be off."

As the party retired, the successive "Good night" of each fell upon Sir Harry's ear like

a death-knell! It struck like an ice-bolt to his heart! He was a man of "unquestionable courage," as we have seen, but he could not stand it; and as the three or four last were preparing to leave the room, he cut short their valedictions by hastily saying, "That'll do, that'll do." Maxwell was the last to retire. Sir Harry grasped his hand and held it firmly till he heard the street door close upon the rest. "Now you may go, Tom; those are mere friends of the hour, but you and I have been friends from children. You knew my poor father, and he loved you. There"—and he shook his hand warmly—"there—now go—Good night; Heaven bless you, Tom, Heaven bless you. Go—go." Maxwell, as he went out, said to Laurent, "It is probable your master will not ring for you very early to-morrow; be sure you suffer no one to approach him till I come."

"Ma parole, Sare, I sall not be ver' glad to go to him ver' soon—endeed he make de blood come out to my arm. I take him for wild cat."

They were mistaken who thought that Sir Harry was cut—in plain English, drunk: excepting Maxwell—whose situation throughout the evening, by the by, had not been the most enviable—he was the only sober man of the party. The prodigious quantity of wine he had swallowed produced no more effect upon him, in the way of intoxication, than if it had been water: he carried an antidote to it in his mind. Left to himself, he filled a large goblet with claret, which he took off at a draught. He then desired Laurent to give him a taper, told him he had no occasion for his attendance that night, shook him by the hand, (which condescension the poor fellow conceived to be intended as a set-off against the gripe he had received,) walked steadily into his dressing room, and locked and bolted the door. He then approached the dressing-table; took the letters he had written in the morning, and the vial of laudanum, from the drawer wherein he had deposited them; and having spread out the former in such a manner that they could not fail to be seen by any one who should come into the room the next day—he paused for a few seconds. He then uncorked the vial—swallowed its contents—stood motionless, as if transfixed, for nearly a minute—staggered towards a sofa—and fell senseless on it.

Now if any one should say that Mr. Maxwell, with the suspicions he entertained, or, rather, the knowledge he possessed of Sir Harry's intention, acted unwarrantably—heartlessly—wickedly—in leaving him to carry it into execution, the only defence I can offer for him is that—perhaps he had very good reasons for acting as he did. But to relieve him as speedily as possible from the

odious charge of conniving at so horrible a deed, it will be as well at once to explain what those reasons were.

Although the friendly intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between these gentlemen had ceased for nearly a year prior to the period in question, Maxwell, nevertheless, with considerable anxiety watched the proceedings of the son of his benefactor. He was aware of the ruinous modes of raising money resorted to by Sir Harry, whilst anything remained in his possession which he could either mortgage or sell; and he was now also aware of the distressing facts that not only even those means were exhausted, but that Sir Harry was inextricably in debt. It happened one morning that, being with his solicitor upon business of his own, that gentleman put into his hands certain papers left for inspection with him by one of his clients. They were documents connected with a transfer of some part of Sir Harry's property to a person from whom he had long been in the habit of raising the supplies. Maxwell presently perceived, what his solicitor intended he should be informed of, that, in that transaction, an obvious fraud had been practised upon his inconsiderate friend. This discovery led him to examine into other transactions of a similar kind; and the result of his various investigations was a conviction that a vast portion of the property might fairly be recovered, since it had been obtained from Sir Harry by mal-practices of a much graver complexion than the mere infraction of the Usury Laws.

Having, after several consultations with his solicitor, decided as to the course to be adopted, he resolved, in spite of their late estrangement, to pay a visit to his quondam friend, and communicate the pleasing intelligence to him. On his way thither he met Mr. Leslie, who told him of the dinner party for that day. "I'm glad of it," said Maxwell, "for I have something to tell him which will give a zest to his wine." But scarcely had he entered the Baronet's dressing room—(Sir Harry's astonishment at his visit, and his manner of receiving him, have already been described)—when he was attacked by one of those vague—undefinable—unaccountable apprehensions of approaching evil, which every one, perhaps, has, at some time, or other, experienced. *Why*, he scarcely knew; but he at once determined to delay the communication he had to make till the following day: and still less could he tell why, at the same instant he resolved upon not quitting Sir Harry for the rest of that afternoon. It was upon taking this latter resolution that he requested permission to send for his things to dress there.

The rest is soon told.

We know very well that in cases of emergency, where we suddenly find ourselves thrown unassisted upon our own resources, and

feel that something *must* be done, our thoughts succeed each other with such amazing rapidity that we seem to jump at conclusions without any intermediate train of reasoning. But it is not so; the process does take place; the difference is, our thoughts express themselves, if I may so say, in pictures instead of words. If any one who has found himself so situated will take the trouble to recollect his sensations at the time, he will find that he did not think in words, but that a variety of pictures,—scenes of various modes of action, presented themselves almost simultaneously to his mind's eye, and that by a sort of instinct he pounced upon the right one. This is something of what is usually understood by that rare quality called presence of mind:—a commodity which a certain worthy gentleman once declared never failed him, provided he were not taken by surprise but had time to turn the matter over in his head.

Maxwell did not throw the poison out at the window; nor did he rush into the drawing-room, with his face pale and his hair standing on end; nor did he call upon the company to bind Sir Harry hand and foot; nor did he remonstrate with him upon the folly as well as the wickedness of terminating his own existence; nor did he even betray the slightest hint that he was aware of his entertaining such an intention. *He knew his man*; and he was conscious, therefore, that his interference in any manner, though it might delay, would not prevent the act; he perceived, too, that he was not then, nor likely to be, for the rest of that day, in a state of mind to listen to his edifying expostulations, and he felt convinced, that by taking one means of self-destruction out of the hands of a man desperate and resolved like him, he should only be forcing him to the adoption of some other. But he took a much wiser course than any of those. He drove to the chemist's, whose address he found on the label of the vial, and procured a composing draught, which was put into a small bottle of precisely the same appearance as the more mischievous one he had removed. He then returned to ——— street, walked leisurely up stairs into the dressing-room, placed the mixture where he knew it would be sought for, descended and took his seat at the dinner-table as quietly as if nothing in the world had happened.

By eight o'clock the next morning Maxwell was in Sir Harry's room, which he entered by a side door the baronet had neglected to fasten. He found his friend in a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till three o'clock of the same afternoon. It were needless to relate all that passed upon this occasion. Suffice it, that having explained to Sir Harry the hopes he entertained of recovering for him a large portion of his property, Maxwell found no difficulty whatever in persuading him to

withdraw immediately from London, and to retire to a small place of his near the town of ——— in Wales, till, by the exercise of a rigid economy, he might be able to relieve himself from his embarrassments. That he, a gay man of the town, should so readily have adopted a suggestion which seemed to imply the entire

abandonment of the habits of his whole former life, will appear the less extraordinary when it is mentioned that he has been heard to declare, that he would endure starvation, beggary, misery in any shape, rather than again encounter the horrors of that last carouse.

From the Bijou.

### LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

THE question as to the propriety of suffering young persons to enter into long engagements, and the doubt whether, if the lovers eventually marry, their lives will be equally happy with those whose affections have not been subjected to so severe a probation, still remains doubtful even to those who ought to be the most competent to decide—parents and guardians.

There are certainly many instances where these trials have ended satisfactorily; but there are also numerous cases in which, when circumstances have permitted the parties to marry, the fulfilment of the engagement has been produced much more by the man's sense of honor, so that she, who consecrated the summer of her charms to him alone, should not be deserted in her autumn, than from the ardency of that pure and disinterested passion which gave birth to his attachment. Whoever has a child of an age to marry, ought to be wise enough to know, that the effect which a train of outward circumstances has on the formation of the character, is of more importance than the events themselves are. To have a girl forsaken, or unwillingly received, after she has devoted the brightest portion of her days to a faithless or a fickle-minded man, undoubtedly is trying; yet it is in the power of the woman, who possesses a sound judgment and a well regulated mind, so to act and think that she may be prepared for any change. Though the heroine of the following tale was not subjected to the bitterest of all human sufferings, that of witnessing

“—————changed affection's  
Cold averted eye,”

still, as she calculated upon the possibility of finding her hopes blasted, the mental discipline which she voluntarily underwent would, it is almost certain, have enabled her to bear her fate in a manner as honorable to herself as consoling to her parents; and deserves commemoration, as an example.

Several years ago, during a visit which I paid to a friend in the south-west of England, I became acquainted with a village called the Hatch. My Mary was then fifteen. In spite of my care she was growing thin and pale. I was a jest among my friends for my passion for making her robustly healthy, incited there-to by regard for public good as well as maternal fondness; being desirous of proving that an only child, and

she, too, the daughter of a widow, is not necessarily doomed to be sickly and feeble.

The situation of the Hatch, which is such that it cannot be easily got at in a carriage, did not frighten me. The freshness and purity of the air of the high downs, which stretch out for miles just above it, made me ample compensation for this disadvantage. Over the breezy top of these bare hills I resolved to let Mary scamper on her pony every day, in defiance of wind and of weather; unless the first were such as to blow her off her horse, or the latter to half drown her.

On very windy days we were compelled to relinquish the soft carpet, and the wide views of the downs for the road which wound round their bases. A good sized, well built house, at a little distance from this road attracted our attention, or rather, I should say, that the profusion of gay flowers which grew about it did so. The contrast which this decorated spot offered to the close turf of the downs, and the rough graces of our present residence, caused it to make the greater impression upon Mary. She took so much delight in looking at the mass of brilliant hues collected in this garden, that I think she sometimes proposed our taking this road only for the sake of seeing them.

Once or twice we saw the children of the family amusing themselves in this garden, but more frequently heard their merry tongues, and caught glimpses of their agile forms in the back grounds, flitting across the door-way which was opposite to that in the front of the house. Independently of all personal considerations the sight of a happy and a healthy family is delightful; and private interest also had some little share in exciting the attention which, at that time I always bestowed upon it. The most curious florist could hardly have been so anxious to inquire by what “mixture of earth's mould” the flowers of this garden had been made so vivid and luxuriant, as I was to ascertain by what management the firmness of muscle, smoothness, clearness, and freshness of skin, which indicate permanent health, were maintained or procured, whenever I observed them. The animated blossoms which I saw about this house exhibited, in a remarkable degree, the sprightliness, elasticity, and strength, which denote a well organized body in good condition. I was, therefore, disposed to form an acquaintance with the owners of the place, and this was easily done by means of the friends through whom I became a temporary inhabitant of that part of the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Long, the possessors of these



bright flowers and blooming children, no sooner heard who the two ladies were whom they had observed "to stay their steeds" for the purpose of gazing on their brilliant borders, were, and what place they might be found, than, with true country hospitality, they came to the Hatch, to offer us every attention in their power.

As I was most happy to procure for my dear girl a frequent participation of the gayety enjoyed by the younger members of the house, and grateful for the innumerable kindnesses which we received from the elders, we soon became familiar with the inhabitants of Low-Leet, as Mr. Long called his comfortable mansion. Mary and I were never better pleased than when our visits were spent in the garden: there she amused herself with the young group, while I paced and down in grave discussion with the seniors.

One sultry evening we called there about sunset, and were ushered into the grounds at the back of the house. This was the spot more particularly appropriated to the children's sports, and the care of its flowers was committed to them chiefly. A belt of shrubs divided it from the fruit and kitchen gardens. In the centre of this belt was a reservoir, erected after a model of Mr. Long's own devising, who amused the ample leisure of his retirement by several similar contrivances. On this evening they had cooled the very air by their liberal distribution of its contents, and were bringing their sportive labor to a close when another visitor introduced himself, unannounced, into the garden. Laura stepped forward, and as she raised her eyes she perceived the person who had joined the party. She did not recollect having seen him before, but so much cordiality and affection were mingled with the pleasure with which he was looking at the domestic scene, that she felt instantly persuaded that he was entitled to be there. The stranger came forward the moment he was perceived, and Laura, renouncing her intention to run off in the contrary direction to call her mother, composed herself as quickly as she could, and went to meet him. He accounted for his intrusion by saying, he had heard that he should find his uncle and aunt, with their family in the garden. Throwing off instantly her timidity, and holding out her hand, while she cast back her head to catch a full view of his countenance, "O, I was sure that I ought to know you!" said Laura, "papa and mamma will be both of them so glad! How came I not to guess it was you, cousin Lawrence? but we did not know that you were landed yet."

"Those who were older than you were when I left England, might well be excused for not immediately knowing me again," answered he; "and if I had met you any where but here, I should not have known that I was privileged to greet you as my cousin—my cousin Laura, is it not? Yet I can hardly believe it." He examined her earnestly as he spoke, endeavoring to make out in the animated girl before him, the chubby child whom he remembered as his eldest cousin. Laura had now attained the height of a woman of the middle size. Her form was admirably

constructed, and the glow of her complexion and the radiance of her eyes were calculated to do any thing rather than suggest the idea of "a pale, unripened beauty of the north," to the late sojourner among the black charmers of the burning east. Lawrence looked on her with a wondering delight which did not escape my observation. This first impression was followed by effects which are far from always succeeding such beginnings. The cousins fell in love after the good old way, that is, provided the old way were the good one; at any rate they did so in the best way, the gentleman's lively, fervent admiration, exciting the fair lady's gratitude. The parents did not think of the thing till it was done; and then they, the father especially, took it patiently. But Lawrence was obliged to return to India, and they would not consent to an immediate marriage on account of Laura's extreme youth, and her lover's unsettled condition. The young people were, however, permitted to pledge their faith to one another; and were to marry as soon after Laura had completed her seventeenth year, as circumstances would permit. The effects of this engagement upon Laura are worth noting. She was at this time not more than fifteen. While Lawrence was with her she continued to enjoy herself as she had done, without pausing to reflect on her new emotions or their cause, or appearing to advert to the time, so near at hand, when he must leave her: and was still, in short, a happy, thoughtless child; but a striking change appeared when he was gone. To herself it seemed as if a length of years had passed over her since the evening when her cousin surprised her in the grounds; while, to her neighbors, the change in her appeared so sudden that it looked as if she had been struck by a fairy's wand. Her brother and sisters were her playfellows no longer; an immeasurable space seemed now to divide her thoughts and counsels from those of Emily, the girl next her in age. All things around her lost, in a great measure, their interest. Laura, indeed, lived only for the absent: and as Lawrence frequently besought her in his letters to guard well the treasure of beauty and health which he had left behind him, she desired to keep her beauty uninjured. But Laura seemed not only desirous to preserve herself for her lover, but to do so, so sacredly for him alone, that she begrudged a sight of her good looks to all but their right owner; resembling the image used by Solomon, "a fountain sealed up is my sister, my spouse."

Two years passed on, and Lawrence did not return; nor could he even yet fix a term for returning. Laura's nicely hoarded beauty was still unimpaired, even in her own jealously scrutinizing eyes. But would it be possible much longer to preserve it? Laura much feared that it would not. Her attachment to Lawrence had sensibly increased by her entire self-dedication to him; she felt it impossible to detach herself from him now; but, after being the object of his ardent love, to be only endured as a person he was bound to, was too in-

supportable a misery to be thought of. What was to be done? She must release her cousin. With the utmost sincerity she told him of her fears, and artlessly betrayed to him her devotion and her fondness, whilst she earnestly conjured him rather to give her up, than reluctantly to fulfil his engagement at the time of his return, if, when that came, he should find her appearance changed so as to disappoint him. The depth of her feelings made her letter grave, convincing, and pathetic: Lawrence was considerably affected by it, and perceived that she was in earnest. It gave him some trouble to fashion his reply; but the next packet brought to her this answer:—

"Would to Heaven, my sweet girl, I could see you, were it only for one hour, if indeed, there is danger of your changing. To think that I may never see you more, such as you were at that memorable time when you taught me how beautiful your sex can be, is, I confess it, very painful to me. I wish I could convey to you the whole of my feelings and my thoughts, as I read every line of your letter, but I am afraid that is not possible; and if I write some of them, without the rest, I shall do myself injustice. Interpret my words then kindly, dearest Laura; believe it, I am obliged to omit the assurances of much more admiration and delight than I express. Do not then be hurt, my own dear girl, when I confess how much I am, or rather *was*, shocked at the idea of the change which may take place in your appearance before I shall see you again, when it was first distinctly brought before me. I cannot but cling to the image of my dazzling love, my blooming healthful Hebe. Has that bright vision vanished from the earth? You speak of changing—and I see you changed—unquestionably you *are* so. Such a letter as that which you have written to me could not have been penned by that "only just no longer child," who ravished my eyes at my entrance to my uncle's.

It is in vain to regret it. I would leave off fooling, and answer your letter, as it should be answered, rationally, truly. I say then, that I will not give you back your faith, unless my uncle formally requires me to do so solely for your advantage; and then I should most reluctantly release you; though I have learned from you to be aware that she who will hereafter honor me with her hand will not, in exterior attractions, be the same girl who pledged hers to me two long summers since. But why do I say in exterior qualities; you will, dear Laura, be more changed within; and start not when I add, so I would have it. You were perfect altogether, for your age, when last we met and parted:—would time stand still, or run a backward course, in *nothing* sweetest, could I wish you altered; but girlish manners, with a woman's face, were always my aversion. Never shall I thank you sufficiently, dear girl, for your care to preserve your precious charms for me unaltered. If fate had permitted me to call you mine, at the instant when first I desired it, I should have been less your debtor. Your loveliness would then, in some degree, have shone for the indifferent and the stran-

ger, as well as blessed him who was its lawful lord. Without denying then, that your young beauty was of sovereign weight in making me so urgent with my uncle to bestow you on me, I assure you, on my honor, that knowing you now as I do, if at this instant we were disengaged, I would, with delight, renew the contract; and feel confident that, should I be compelled to delay the fulfilment of my wishes for yet many years, my cousin Laura, such as she then will be, will do more than merely not offend my taste—she will be still the object of my choice, supposing me at liberty to choose. Besides being an elegant, superior, noble-minded woman, she will also be one who has taught herself to think so much of me, to study my honor, my interest, my taste, and to conform herself to it, will be enough to make me desire her for the partner of my future life, in preference, even, to such another glowing Hebe as herself, if such another could be found, when I first saw her in her pride of youth. In this declaration I have studiously refrained from carrying my professions to the height to which, without exaggeration, I could let them run. Let me beseech you then, my only love, to dismiss for ever all your fears and scruples, and look on yourself still as my own property. Death only can part us, unless by your desire. *I will never release you.*"

This letter entirely settled Laura's mind as to her future prospects, if it did not wholly remove her regret at the thoughts that her rich beauty must in great part run to waste, unseen even by him for whose sake she had refused to permit the elements themselves to view her face unveiled. It gave, also, a higher direction to her cares. Without neglecting either her personal appearance or her health, she so altered her plan as to make it the most favorable which she could devise, for the acquisition of that elegance which her cousin attributed to, or anticipated for, her.

With this view she dismissed some part of her reserve, recourted the company of her neighbors; and made society a school for the study, for the acquisition, and for the rehearsal or practice of the graces of polished life; though not a theatre in which she might exhibit them, with a view to excite present favor or applause.

In the midst of those who were actively vying for each other's admiration, Laura was still engrossed with the thoughts of the absent and the distant. This preoccupation gave to her attentions and courtesies an air which prevented their so sensibly flattering any one's self-love, as to make her success sufficiently eminent to endanger the stability of her devotion to her cousin. She was allowed to be an elegant woman, but reprobated as a cold one; too little alive to pleasure to be pleasing, too rarely amused, to be herself amusing.

Meanwhile her correspondence with her cousin did not slacken. His letters showed no diminution in his estimation of her worth, no shade of a desire to retract his engagement; but by degrees they grew graver. He wrote to her as to one inseparably mixed up in his concerns, to whom nothing which befel him was indifferent;

but they were more the letters of a trusted and trustworthy friend than of a passionate lover. Subjects of importance were sometimes discussed in them, in a way in which they might have been with a friendly relation of his own sex. To answer him adequately was a serious task; and in the same graduated manner in which the tone of his correspondence was changed, Laura grew conscious that, in order to keep pace with what the lapse of time caused her betrothed to expect from her, it would no longer be enough that she should substitute the well bred lady for the blooming girl, she must also attend to the cultivation of her mind, and add information to the polished manners. Earnestly she endeavored to meet this new demand; unsupported for a time by any other proof that she had labored with success, except the increasing solidity of her cousin's letters. As he did not seem to think it requisite to apologize for addressing her on any topic which might interest him, she was at liberty to infer, if she pleased, that he looked on her as capable of entering, without effort, into all he said. Laura was thus led to cultivate a pretty extensive portion of the field of knowledge; and the habits of mind which thus induced made it easy and pleasant to pursue the work, when no such stimulus led to it. She began to relish mental occupation for the mere sake of the wide views which it opened to her; and thus, while she was engrossed with the thought of making herself worthy of the continued attachment of her lover, laid the foundation of a character of great value to herself, let its effects be what they might on him.

Again Lawrence's letters underwent a change. They had lately betrayed no small ambition, and some wish for wealth, so expressed, however, as to show that the idea of his cousin was intimately blended with the whole of his desires; but now their whole tone was languid. He had succeeded moderately well in attaining riches and station. It was well; for his health no longer allowed him to continue their pursuit with ardor enough to promise him success: and he announced that he had resolved so to wind up his affairs as to allow him to return to his country and his friends as quickly as he was able; but he grieved, he said, to perceive that considerable time must yet elapse before he could behold them. Laura received from him two or three packets after that in which he declared this intention. They were none of them wanting in kindness to herself; but she was shocked to perceive in every line of each that manner which proves that the writer is too sick to rejoice at any thing truly; and alarm for his health superseded in her mind all other considerations. No care to ascertain the nature or degree of the love which he retained for her; no anxiety to prepare him for the state of her own beauty appeared in her answers. They were like those of an affectionate and faithful wife, who looked for the return of a sick husband; and Lawrence himself seemed principally to regard his return as a restoration to a home where he might rest among kind friends, and be recruited.

At length he arrived; eight years having elapsed since the time of his former visit. The

season of this second arrival was also midsummer, and the hour was afternoon. Laura was watching for him at the window, for at this time his speed was not such as to outrun the post, and she had had warning of his coming. She flew down the house steps the moment the carriage stopped, to meet him,—not as she would or could have met a lover. She hastened to receive a sick relation and tried friend, full of anxiety to ascertain his state, and of pity for his sufferings. Laura had had no toilette for the occasion; she was but dressed as usual at that time of day. Since she had been more intent on cultivating her manners and her mind than on preserving her charms, she permitted her attire without much thought on her part to follow with temperance such variations of the mode as suited her age and her station. At this moment her fine hair was very well arranged, the contour of her arms was displayed through thin white sleeves, and her beautiful throat was uncovered. Contrary to her custom, she rushed out of the hall without either shawl or bonnet; and with looks in which pitying tenderness combined with, and were stronger still than joy, while self was entirely forgotten, presented herself again before the eyes of her faint, wearied cousin; holding out, with the most frank and unembarrassed affection, one of her arms for his support, while the father, on the other side, offered his assistance. She was not at leisure to feel bashful. Lawrence's sickly face was suffused with a pale red the moment he beheld her; and his first words were an ejaculation of surprise. This feeling was evidently mixed with other and stronger emotions, which, in the weakened condition of his frame, all his manhood was required to enable him to bear without signs of agitation. He did muster strength, however, to go through the first meeting with his betrothed and her friends with a decent external composure. It was not till the next day that he spoke of what he felt; and then it was Laura's turn to be surprised, and delighted, for Lawrence then told her that the astonishment and admiration with which at his arrival he beheld the angel of elegance and beauty, who, after such a lapse of years, came to the carriage side to welcome him, was painfully mixed with regret, almost amounting to shame, at the thoughts of his own altered and shattered condition. He owned that for some years past he had left off thinking of his cousin's person. People in the east are so accustomed to look on those past girlhood as old women, that he had been infected by the notion. He still thought himself happy in having attached to himself for life a person of her solid excellence; happier, perhaps, than he had deserved to be, since he had selected her chiefly in the first place for her beauty; but he no longer reckoned on her charms; and he found her still wonderfully lovely. "Forgive me, dear cousin," he continued, "if I add that I could almost wish that I had found you only half as handsome as you are." Laura at this smiled sweetly, and blushed more than she had done since his arrival; but when he went on in a tone which showed that he was really

under the influence of a depressing fear as to the effects of his own appearance upon her, to say "I should feel less unworthy of you." She sympathized with his pain, and applied herself to remove it, by becoming more lavish of her tender cares, more intent on proving her entire devotion to him.

Lawrence soon grew better; and with his health his ambition was restored, but no part of his value for his cousin was abated. He might, perhaps, have been ambitious under any circumstances; but he was himself persuaded of the truth of what he said to his fair cousin, when he declared that it was chiefly for her sake that he was desirous now of attaining to a higher station.

"This is very differently," he added, "to the way in which I should have been affected if I had succeeded in gaining you at the time when you were to me only the bright nymph of the fountain. To have placed you in some garden more lovely than your own would then have

contented my fondness. I loved you at that time extraordinarily well; but then I only loved you, and now I also glory in you, Laura. I have lived too long in the "gorgeous east" myself, not to have had my fancy weaned from the visions of imperial splendor, which were formerly united with its name; but if I still entertained the most luxuriant ideas which have ever been conceived of its magnificence by romancers, I should say that it could never be more worthily bestowed, than upon you. Proud shall I be to produce you there. Are you willing to venture with me? Your fine constitution would endure the climate; and a few years now would advance me rapidly. My health is quite restored, and I am thoroughly seasoned too. Shall we try it?"

Laura yielded to what she saw was his desire, and sailed with him for India a few weeks after their marriage, and still resides there, one of the most honored, as well as best loved, of wives.

F. G.

From the Montreal Gazette, May 16.

#### ENGLAND'S POLICY IN CANADA.

BELOW we publish a very important despatch which we received from our Quebec correspondent yesterday. It is another exposition on the part of the home government on the subject of imperial and colonial relations, and is of the deepest interest to the people of Canada.

Sir G. Grey states on behalf of Her Majesty's Government that there is no intention whatever to abandon the defence of Canada from foreign aggression; nor any intention to reduce the forces at present stationed in Canada.

[corr.]

(No. 16.) *Downing Street, 13th April, 1855.*

SIR: Her Majesty's government have long had under their consideration the necessity of establishing a clear understanding with the government of Canada on the subject of the measures mutually to be taken for the military defence of the province, and the subsidiary arrangements requisite to that end.

2. Although Canada is happily remote from the direct influence of those hostilities in which the country is at present engaged, it becomes now even more necessary than before that the available military resources of the empire in general, and the purposes to which they are applicable, should be fully ascertained.

3. Relying on the loyalty and patriotism of the inhabitants of Canada, no less than in their rapid advance in all that constitutes the strength of a community, Her Majesty's government have not scrupled to reduce the military force stationed in the colony in time of peace much below the amount which in former times had been thought advisable. And the result of the measures thus taken has hitherto fully justified their confidence. The course of events of recent years has more and more fully developed the settlement of the Canadian people to the institutions under which they live; the gratifying proofs

which have so lately been acknowledged by me of the deep interest which they take in the success of the arms of Great Britain and her allies in the present contest, have been strongly felt by all the classes throughout these kingdoms; and it is with a feeling of deep satisfaction that we are enabled to congratulate ourselves on the union thus cemented between communities so far severed by local position, but joined by the ties of common freedom and of loyal attachment to one sovereign.

4. Her Majesty's government propose to make no change in the principle of the relations now subsisting between this country and the Province as regards its military defence. The imperial government will remain charged as before with the supply and maintenance of military force for the defence of Canada, as of every other part of her Majesty's dominions, in the event of its being menaced by foreign arms. They propose also to continue to maintain the force now existing in Canada, or whatever force may be strictly required for the military occupation of the few posts of first-class importance, so as to form a nucleus for the defence of the Province.

5. For all beyond this they propose to rely on the loyalty and military spirit of the Province itself. They are fully aware that if the contingency, now happily remote, should ever occur, of an invasion of Canada by foreign arms, the most valuable aid to the reinforcement of troops which could be supplied from this country would be afforded by the courage and numbers of an organized militia, such as her great population might now enable her to supply: and they are equally persuaded that if the tranquillity of the community should be menaced from within, the necessary force for the maintenance of order, both civil and military, if the latter should be required, will be best provided by the Province itself.